Summum Bonum,

OR AN

EXPLICATION

OF THE

DIVINE GOODNESS,

In the

Words of the Moſt Renowned

BOETIVS.

Tranſlated By a Lover of Truth, and Virtue.

OXFORD.

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To the Nobility, and Gentry of England.

SIRS!

Here Preſent you the moſt Profound Meditations of one of the Braveſt *Spirits*, that was ever Cloath'd with *Fleſh*, and *Bloud*, *viz.* the CONSOLATIONS of the moſt Honourable BOETIVS in the midſt of His Greateſt Sufferings; With My Earneſt Deſires that Your Selves, and Your Poſterity (Eſcaping His Misfortunes) may ever Follow the High Example of His *Heroick Virtues*: which Virtues whoſoever ſhall Attein unto, he certainly

will be *More than Conquerour* in All the Changes and Chances of this Mortal Life, which both in *Sacred* and *Prophane* Writt is term'd a WARFARE. That Famous *Apophthegm* of SOCRATES in Defyance of His *Bloud-Thirſty* Enemies, might well have been ſpoken in the like Caſe, By a Greater *Philoſopher* than SOCRATES, the Renowned BOETIVS: *They may Kill Me, but they Cannot Hurt Me.* Though He does not make any Expreſs mention of JESUS CHRIST in this *Philoſophical* Diſcourſe; yet 'tis well known, how Zealouſly He Contended for the Truth, Againſt thoſe Execrable Hæreticks that Deny HIM to be GOD, Whom the *Univerſal Church* (According to the Scriptures) Acknowledgeth to be "*GOD of GOD, LIGHT*
"*of LIGHT, Very GOD of very GOD,*
"*Begotten, Not Made, Being of one Sub-*
"*ſtance*

"ſtance with the *FATHER*, *By Whom* "*All things were Made*. I Pray GOD we may All *Hold the Myſtery of the Faith in a Pure Conſcience*: As did this Excellent Man, Whoſe Thoughts of the Nature of *True Happineſs* (though in a Style, I muſt confeſs not Anſwearable to His Great Wit, and Eloquence) I have Endeavour'd to Expreſs in the *Engliſh Tongue*; which has been no leſs Adorn'd by thoſe Admirable Writings of Our late SOVERAIGN, than the *Latine Tongue* by thoſe which the Learned BOETIVS compos'd IN HIS SOLITUDES, AND SUFFERINGS. HE, and BOETIUS, and All the Noble MARTYRS, give Teſtimony to this Truth, ſo *Elegantly* Expreſt by His ROYAL Pen: "*The* "*Aſſaults of Affliction may be Terrible, like* "Sampſon's Lion, *but they yield much* "Sweetneſs *to thoſe that dare Encounter*,

" *and Overcome them; who know how to o-*
" *verlive the* Withering *of their* Gourds
" *without* Diſcontent, *or* Peeviſhneſs,
" *while they may yet Converſe with GOD.*

Wiſhing You al the Experiences of the Unſpeakable Sweetneſs of the onely True Honour, and Virtue, I Reſt

Your Affectionate

Humble Servant

To

To the Reader.

AFter I had perfected the Translation of all I intended to Translate of BOETIUS, I receiv'd from a Learned Friend the Notice of a very good Translation of all His Five Bookes *Consolationis Philosophiæ*, which was Publisht 1609. The Author has given us the knowledge but of Two Letters of His Name, I. T. Though I have not taken so much as one Expression from this Excellent Person, yet I think it my Duty to pay this Acknowledgement to His Memory, (for I suppose He was in Heaven long since) that His Booke affords Me an Abundance of the purest Delight, and Satisfaction, whilst I Double as it were Mine own Notions of the SOVERAIGN GOOD, by their *Complication* with His. I do not *Appropriate these Notions* to BOETIUS, and His *Translators*, and those others, who have been Addicted to the Study of this Incomparable Booke; they are Common to Us with All those that LOVE the LORD JESUS in *Syncerity*: For this LOVE Essentially implies a Deep Sense of GODS ALL-SUFFICIENCY, And of the VANITY and Dissatisfaction of *All things under the Sun.*

I Requested My ever Honour'd Dear Friend Mr. H. H. to send me some of His Reflexions on BOETIUS'S Discourse of the *Soveraign Good*, and He was pleas'd to Oblige Me with this Answear.

"*Dear Sr!*

"*I receiv'd both your Letters, with the Copies of the Latin*
"*Tractate, you publisht; wherin you endeavour to bring*
"*men to a right understanding of the Soveraign Good of*
Hu-

" *Humane Minds*, a glorious employment in it ſelfe, and " never more uſeful than in this our Age. For your deſire " that I would ſay ſomething by way of Preface to your " Tranſlation of Boetius, though I am ſenſible you may " much better, and with greater Advantages recommend it " to the World, than I, yet to aſſure you of that Great affe- " ction, and ſervice I have for your Perſon, I have ſent you " my preſent thoughts.

" When Mankind was at firſt Created, they lived, and " acted under the Divine life, and Nature, freely injoying, " and participating of the Communications of the Firſt, " and Univerſal Good; but being lapſed into a State of Sin, " Indigency, and Penury, they quickly loſt ſight of thoſe " Glorious formes, and the Influences of Heaven were ſeal- " ed up. But yet though their Caſe was ſufficiently deplora- " ble, the Deluge of Iniquity, and Vice, had not ſo far de- " fac'd the Beauteous Structure of Virtue, but that the " remaining Ruines ſhew'd the Glory of the Ancient Fa- " brick, and men ſtill knew God, and ſearched after the Au- " thor of their Beings, and the Reaſon of their Natures led " them to a Purſuit of Happineſs. Hence it came to paſs " that the wiſe men of the World were divided in their O- " pinions concerning the Univerſal Good, and Happineſs " of Humane Nature; ſome placing it in the bare, and na- " ked Pleaſure reſulting from the exerciſe of Virtue; o- " thers in a perfect Apathy, Inſenſibility, and deadneſs to " all Paſſions whatever; and others again in a full Grati- " fication of all the Corporeal Faculties. But we, who " through the Gracious Bounty of God, live under a more " Radiant, and Refulgent light, than that of Nature, have " a perfect ſight of that which they through the clammy

" miſts

" mists of Ignorance, and Darkness did but feele after; and
" we know that the Happiness of Humane Nature consists
" in it's Union, and Conjunction with the Eternal Good.
" Which being the Highest, and Utmost Perfection of our
" Soules ought certainly to awaken our drowsy, and slum-
" bring minds to a vigorous Prosecution of so transcendent
" a State of life: a life, so full of solid, and substantiall
" Joy, and Pleasure, that if we did not take false measures,
" and estimations of things, we could not but think it infi-
" nitely beyond the fairest and best of all Sublunary Feli-
" cities. And indeed the Mind of man is then in a wrong
" State of Position, when it's Appetites, and Desires are
" fixed, and terminated upon Terrestrial Good, such as is so
" far from any Harmony, or Agreeableness with our Intel-
" lectual Frame, that it vilifies, and Degrades it, and sets
" it at a vast Disproportion to it's true, and Proper Ob-
" ject. And this is that false, and Adulterate Beauty,
" that so often cheats us into a liking, and Approbation
" of it: A meer Shadow of Happiness, which we possess
" only in our Fancies, and Imaginations. For if there
" were really any Substantial Felicity, or Good in Ri-
" ches, Honors, Worldly Glory, and Corporeal Plea-
" sures, the mind of man would then be full, and at
" Rest: it would then have no more Passionate Thirsts,
" and Aspirations, when once it were possest of it's True
" Object. But we finding still a Perfect Dissatisfaction,
" and Inquietude amidst the largest Measures, and ful-
" lest Comprehensions of Sublunary Injoyments, it is ve-
" ry easy to conceive that there is something else yet re-
" quired to Perfect, compleat, and fill the Capacities
" of the Soule of man. And this can be no other than

" that

"*that Eternal, and Immortal Good, which has left*
"*ſome ſignatures, and Impreſſions of it ſelfe upon every*
"*thing in the Whole Creation: From whence it is that*
"*men beholding ſome Shadowes, and Adumbrations of*
"*the Abſolute Good, are ready to catch at, and em-*
"*brace it in the things below; not conſidering that all*
"*the fine ſhows and ſplendid Appearances of the Cor-*
"*poreal, and Viſible World, are but ſo many Powers*
"*full Charmes, and Ineſcations to allure, and draw*
"*our Minds from a ſteady Contemplation of that* Holy
"One, *in whoſe Preſence is Life, and Felicity, tru-*
"*ly ſo call'd. And that we may not fright our ſelves*
"*from ſo deſirable a Condition, as our Union, and*
"*Conjunction with God, nor our Endeavours after this*
"*Immutable Good coole, and flag by drawing a Scene of*
"*Humane Life full of miſeries, and Calamitous Cir-*
"*cumſtances, and repreſenting unto our ſelves the*
"*black ſide of Providence, wherin Innocent Virtue is*
"*afflicted and oppreſſed, and Iniquity, and Vice Proſ-*
"*perous and Triumphant, we may conſider that that Al-*
"*mighty Being, who Perpetually Intereſſeth himſelfe in*
"*the Affairs of mankind, will at laſt ſettle Righteouſ-*
"*neſs, and Truth in it's Juſt Throne, and Govern-*
"*ment of the World; and thereby redreſs, and heal all*
"*the Evils Humane Nature is obnoxious unto; which*
"*are for the moſt part made ſo to us by our unjuſt Ap-*
"*prehenſions, and Eſtimations of them: For what are*
"*Fetters, and Impriſonment, but clogs of the Corpore-*
"*al Life, while the Mind may Converſe with God,*
"*and the Whole Creation, and be as Free, as the Air*
"*we breath in? what is Death it ſelfe, but only the*

"*Awakening*

"*Awakening of our nobler Faculties to the Participation*
"*of a freer, and more enlarged life? All which put to-*
"*gether do not only depreciate the moſt Glorious ſatisfa-*
"*ctions of the Animal life, but convert our Minds to*
"*their own Genuine Happineſs; that is, to an Union,*
"*and Conjunction with the Bleſſed Author of All things*
"*which is the Grand Deſign of this Treatiſe. Dear Sir*
"*if by this (which I think is the ſumm, and ſcope of*
"Boetius's *Booke*) *I may gratify you, I ſhall pleaſe*
"*my ſelfe, in being*

Your moſt Affectionate
Friend and Servant
HENRY HALLYWEL.

From Ifeild in Suſſex. June 3. 1672.

DA, Pater, Auguſtam Menti conſcendere Sedem,
Da Fontem luſtrare BONI, da luce repertâ
In Te conſpicuos Animi defigere viſus.

O RIGHTEOUS FATHER, Shine upon Us *in the Face of* JESUS CHRIST, *the Brightneſs of thy Glory! Shed abroad thy Love in our Hearts By the* HOLY GHOST, that we may Meditate Day, and Night on the INFINITE GOODNESS of Our CREATOR, REDEEMER, And SANCTIFIER, *In whoſe Preſence is Fullneſs of Joy, at whoſe Right Hand there are Pleaſures Forevermore.*

To

To the Reader.

ABuſed mortals! you who think y'ave All,
When you have that which ſome men Riches call;
And you vain youths, who think that All is yours
When you 'ave your ſports your Hawkes your Hounds
(and ———
You Gallants too, Brave boys, and ſons of fame
Who think y'ave All when you have gott a Name
Read here and know, that all your fancy'd Joyes
Your Wealth and Honours are meer childiſh toyes.

And you bleſt Beggars, brothers of the Croſs,
Whoſe very Life ſeems Death, and Gain ſeems Loſs;
Who breathe out Nought, but Love, and Honeſty,
Aſpire to Nought, but pure Simplicity,
Poſſeſſing Nought, but what kind Nature gave,
And looſing Nought, but Fleſh when laid in grave;
Read here and know, that you have All, and more,
Infinit All, is your Eternal ſtore.

P. G.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE *Consolation of Philosophy.*

The FIRST VERSE.

Wherein Boetius bewaileth his estate.

I, Who was wont to make such chearfull Verse,
Must now (Alas!) Sad Notes rehearse.
The wronged Muses teach Me what to write:
My Tears True Elegies *endite.*
No Terror could them keep from following Me;
They fear not my Calamitie:
They of my Sprightly Youth the Glory were,
Of my Sad Age the Comfort are.
Old Age comes on Me hasten'd by my Cares,
An Hoary Head *suits with my Tears.*
Griefe makes White Hairs *spread o're mine Head, and Chin;*
On my Dry Flesh hangs Shriv'led Skin.
O Happy Death, which takes not men away
In Joyfull Times! nor, Call'd, doth stay

When they are ſunk in woe! Alas, ſhe Flies,
And will not Cloſe our Weeping Eyes!
Whilſt Fortune did her flattring Goods beſtow,
I hardly 'ſcap'd a Fatall Blow:
Now that her great Inconſtancy ſhe ſhowes,
Life unregarded ſticks more cloſe.
Friends, why did yee ſo oft Me Happy call?
He ſtood not Firm, who could not 'ſcape this Fall.

The First Prose.

Containing the deſcription of Philoſophy.

WHilſt I revolv'd theſe Thoughts in my mind and began to Pen my Complaint, there ſeem'd a Woman of an (*a*) awfull countenance to ſtand over my head, her eyes were very (*b*) ſparkling, and lively beyond the common ſtrength of Men, her Colour exceeding freſh, and vigorous, though there was ſomewhat that diſcover'd her to be of ſo great Age, that it could not be thought but that ſhe was in being long before our Times. 'Twas impoſſible to diſcern what Stature ſhe was of: for ſometimes ſhe ſhrunk her ſelfe into the common

(a) *Becauſe ſhe maketh her poſſeſſors reverend* (b) *Piercing and ſpeculating the hidden nature of things.*

Sta-

(*c*) Stature of Men; sometimes she seem'd to touch the skies with her head: and when she lifted it up somewhat higher, she thrust it into Heaven, so that it was in vain to look any farther after her. Her (*d*) Garment was curiously wrought with the(*e*)finest threads, the Cloath was so (*f*) strong that it could never be worn out; which Garment, as I understood afterwards by her own discourse, she made with her (*g*) own hands. Time had somewhat sullyed the colour of it with such a kind of (*h*) duskiness, as we may observe in Pictures that have been hung in some smoaky roome. In the nethermost hem of this Garment was woven Π [that signifieth the Life *Practical*, or *Active*] in the uppermost Θ [that signifieth the Life *Theoreticall*, or *Contemplative*] And betwixt these two Letters was a kind of (*i*) Ladder, by which a man might ascend from the lower to

(c) *Natural and Moral Philosophy are not above mans common capacity: Astronomy toucheth the heaveas, Metaphysicks or the knowledg of God and Angels, &c. Cannot be exactly comprehended.* (d) *Her disputations or discourses.* (e) *Subtle Propositions.* (f) *Everlasting truth.* (g) *Because none without Philosophy can weave these discourses.* (h) *Learning neglected in the time of Boetius, and written obscurely by ancient Philosophers.* (i) *All sciences are to be obteined with Method.*

the higher Letter. This Garment the hands of ſome violent men had cut, and carried away ſuch (*k*) pieces of it, as every one could get. And ſhe had certain Books in her (*l*) right hand, and a Scepter in her (*m*) left. When ſhe ſaw theſe *Poetical* Muſes ſtanding about my Bed, and dictating words agreeable to my Tears, ſhe was ſomewhat mov'd, and with an Angry countenance, who, ſayes ſhe, has permitted theſe *Wenches*, that belong to the *Stage* to have to doe with this ſick man? they are ſo far from applying any Remedy ſuitable to his Diſtemper, that they very much encreaſe it with their delicious Venome. For theſe are they, who with the unfruitful thorns of divers *Paſſions*, deſtroy the good ground that abounds with the fruits of *Reaſon*; and they do not free the minds of men from their Diſeaſe, but rather make it by cuſtome to become Pleaſing unto them. But if your flatteries ſhould take from me any inconſiderable Perſon, as your common

(*k*) *Some ſentences ill applyed to the defence of falſe opinions;* (*l*) *She chiefly delighted in ſtudy and contemplation.* (*m*) *Next ſhe was occupied in governing the Common wealth.*

Pra-

Practice is, I should bear it with less Indignation. For my main design would suffer no dammage in the loss of such a one. But this Man, who had so long addicted himself to the (n) *Eleatick*, and (o) *Academick* Studies! But be gon ye *Sirens*, that Please men to their Destruction, and leave him to my Muses to be Cur'd, and reduc'd to his perfect Health: This Company, being checkt after this manner, cast their eyes on the ground, and confessing their shame by their Blushes, they depart very mournfully out of the room. But I, who had made my self allmost blind with weeping, so that I could not discern who the Woman was, that exercis'd such Authority, was quite Astonisht, and looking stedfastly on the ground, speaking not a word, I began to expect what she would do next. Then she came neer, and sate down on my Beds side, and observing the Sadness of my Countenance, she complains of the Perturbation of my mind in these words:

(n) *Logick from Elea, the City where Zeno was born cald therefore Eleates, and* Aristotle *studied, whose books of Logick Boëtius translated.* (o) *Such as Plato taught, whose school was cald Academia.*

The Second Verſe.

Philoſophy bewayleth the perturbation of Boetius his mind.

AH, how the Mind ſunk in deep woe
Growes blind, and leaving her own light
Out to Darkneſs ſhe bends her might,
When th' Winds of Earthly *cares do blow;*
And th' Waves of Grief roule to, and fro!
This Man ſometime did freely Tread
The high Paths of th' Ætherial Plains;
He ſaw unſpotted Phebus's Head,
And could diſcern the Moons dark Stains:
He held faſt in ſure Reckoning
Thoſe Stars, which often change their Courſe;
He ſearcht thoſe Cauſes deep, that bring
Such ſtorms to th' Ocean: And what Force
Makes that bright Star go down i'th' Weſt
Which riſeth in the Ruddy Eaſt.
He ſtudied to find out what 'twas
That made the Spring *bring Flowers, and Graſs:*
Whence 'tis that in Autumn *we ſee*
Grapes come to their Maturitie.
Thoſe Cauſes which Nature did hide
From others, His Quick Thought eſpie'd.
This Man now wants the Minds clear Light,
His Neck's preſt down with Chains: the Weight
That He lies under, and the Pain
Makes Him looke down to th' Earth again.

The

The SECOND PROSE.

Philoſophy enquireth of Boetius his diſeaſe.

BUT, ſayes ſhe, this is a time to apply Medicines, and not to make Complaints. Then looking very earneſtly on me, thus ſhe ſpeaks. Art Thou He, who being nouriſht with my Milk, and brought up with my ſtronger Meats, didſt arrive to the ſtrength of a Manlike Underſtanding? But we beſtow'd ſuch (*a*) Armes on thee which if thou hadſt not wilfully thrown away, would have ſerv'd for thy Defence againſt any Oppoſition whatſoever. Doſt thou know me? why holdeſt thou thy peace? is it *Shame*, or *Stupidity* that hath ſeized on thee? I had rather it were *Shame*; but, as I perceive, *Stupidity* hath made thee Silent. And when ſhe obſerv'd that I was not only ſilent, but in a manner quite Dumb, ſhe layd her hand ſoftly on my breſt, and, Ther's no Danger, ſayes ſhe; he's in a (*b*) *Lethargie*, the common Diſeaſe of de-

(a) *The intellectual and moral vertues.* (b) *Forgetfulneſs.*

luded minds. He hath forgot himſelf a little; hee'll eaſily come to himſelf again, if he ſhall once underſtand, who I am. Which that he may do, let us clear his ſight a little, that has been dark'ned by the thick Duſt that ariſes from his Intention on Earthly things. When ſhe had ſpoken theſe words, with a (c) part of her Garment, folding it in her hand, ſhe wip'd the Tears from mine eyes.

(c) *Some ſentences which he could not altogether forget.*

The THIRD VERSE.

How Boetius began to recover his knowledge and memory.

THen did that Darkneſs from Me fly: at length
Mine Eyes regain their wonted Strength:
Juſt ſo, as when the Boyſtrous winds ariſe
And ſtormy ſhowers diſturbe the skies,
The Sun's obſcur'd, and whilſt no Stars appear,
Night's ſpread or'e all the Hemiſphear;
If Boreas *ſent from th'* Thracian Cave *diſplay*
His ſpeedy Force *and* Free *the day* (*Skies,*
From Darkſome Clouds, Sol's *Beams ſtraight pierce the*
And ſtrike with wonder our glad Eyes.

The

The THIRD PROSE.

How the perſecution of Wiſe men is no new or ſtrange thing.

EVen ſo the Clouds of my exceſſive *Melancholy* being diſſolv'd I recover'd the ſight of Heaven, and came to my right mind again, ſo that I ſaw plainly who ſhe was that had begun to worke ſuch a Cure upon me. When I had fixt mine eyes on her, I perceiv'd that ſhe was my Nurſe PHILOSOPHY, in whoſe Houſe I was brought up from my youth: And what, quoth I, art Thou, the Miſtreſs of all Virtues, come from on (*a*) high to the uncomfortable Place of mine Exile? haſt thou a mind to undergoe ſuch falſe Accuſations, as have been brought againſt me? What, quoth ſhe, ſhould I forſake thee my Son, and not bear a part of the Burthen, that is lay'd on thee for my ſake? But it cannot be that Philoſophy ſhould deny her Company to an Innocent man, whereſoever he goes. Should I

(a) *Philoſophy the gift of God.*

be

be affraid of any falſe Accuſation, and Startle at it, as if ſome ſtrange thing had happen'd unto me? For, is this the firſt time that Wiſedome hath been brought into Danger amongſt Wicked, and Pervers Manners? Even in Ancient Times, before the Dayes of our *Plato*, have we not Fought a great Fight againſt the Raſhneſs of Folly, and Ignorance? And whilſt He lived, did not His Maſter (*b*) *Socrates* obtain a glorious Victory, over an Unjuſt Death, by my Aſſiſtance? Whoſe *Inheritance* whilſt the *Epicureans*, and *Stoicks* Endeavour'd to ſeize on, every one for his own party, and lay'd hold on Me, as a part of their Prey, though I cry'd out, and ſtrove againſt them, they cut this Garment, which I had woven with mine own hands; and having thus taken ſome pieces of it, they went their way, each of them conceiting that he had gotten the whole to himſelf. Some of them, becauſe they ſeem'd to goe in my (*c*) Habit, were Overborn through the error of the prophane Multitude, being judg'd to

(b) *He was put to death at Athens for acknowledging one God and the immortality of the Soule.* (c) *Falſe opinions alledge ſome ſentences of Philoſophy in a wrong ſenſe.*

be

be of my Family. If so be that thou art ignorant of the *Banishment* of *Anaxagoras*, the *Poyson of Socrates*, and the *Torments of* (d) *Zeno*, because they were not of thine own Country; yet thou couldst not but have heard very much of (e) *Canius*, of (f) *Seneca*, of (g) *Soranus*, and other such like Excellent Men, whose Memory is very fresh to this Day, and full of Renown: Whom no other thing brought to their Destruction, but that through a punctual Observance of my Discipline, they allwayes shew'd an Aversion from the Designs of Wicked People. Therefore ther's no reason it should seem strange unto thee, if we are Tost with a continual Tempest in the Sea of this World, whose Principal Aim is, to do those things, which are most Displeasing to the Worst of Men: Whose Army, though it be exceeding Numerous, yet is it very Despicable; because it has no (h) Leader; but they run to, and fro according to the motions of their

(d) *He was wracked by the Tyrant Nearchus, into whose face he spit out his tongue.* (e) *A Poet put to death by* Caius *the Emperour.* (f) Neroes Schoole *master, who caused him to bleed to death.* (g) *A famous Poet acknowledging God, was crucified by some wicked men.* (h) *Because they follow not reason.*

own

own fooliſh, and erroneous conceits. If at any time this Army come againſt us with all their Strength, our (*i*) Leader draws all Her (*k*) Forces into her (*l*) Caſtle; They in the mean time are wholly intent upon their (*m*) Plunder, loading themſelves with things of an inconſiderable value. But we looke down from on high and laugh at them, whilſt they carry away thoſe contemptible things, being out of all Danger of their rage, and fury, in that *Place of Defence*, which Folly, and Ignorance can never Approach unto.

(*i*) *Right reaſon.* (k) *The powers of the Soule.* (l) *Of Vertue and contemplation.* (m) *Temporal things.*

The Fourth Verse.

How we may reſiſt the perſecution of the wicked.

VVHoſo his Life from Paſſions ſtorms keeps free,
And over Fate has got the Victory,
Holds faſt to that which he doth Rightly chooſe,
And with an Unchang'd Looke Both Fortunes views:
This man the Rage of the Tempeſtuous Seas,

When

When from the bottome they their waters raise,
Can ne're dismay; nor yet Vesuvius's Ire,
Which tosses up to th' Skies it's smoak, and Fire;
Nor Burning Thunderbolts that strike high Towers.
Why are stern Tyrants, who soon lose their Powers
Admir'd by Mortals? Cast off Hopes, and Fears,
And thou breakst all the bloody Tyrants Spears.
But he that Wishes ought, or Dreads his Fees,
Sith he's not fixt, and in his own Dispose,
Has thrown away his Shield, has lost his Ground,
And made the Chain wherewith himself is Bound.

The Fourth Prose.

Boetius discovereth the causes of his griefe.

HAst thou any perceivance of these things, sayes She, and do they make any impression upon thy mind? What, art thou (a) *Asinus ad Lyram?* Why weepest thou? why dost thou flow with Tears? Ἐξαύδα, μὴ κεῦθε νόῳ, *Speak out, disclose thy mind.* If thou expect any good from the Physician, thou oughtest to lay open thy wound. Then I

(a) *Proverbially spoken of those who are dull of apprehension, and no more mov'd with a discourse than an Ass with Musick.*

tooke

tooke courage to my ſelf, and ſpake thus: And haſt thou need yet to be told what aileth me, is it not apparent how cruelly Fortune deals with me? Art thou not mov'd at the ſight of this (*b*) Place? Is this the Library, which thou didſt chooſe for thy conſtant Seat in my Houſe? where thou didſt ſo often ſit, and diſcourſe with me, touching the Knowledg of things both Divine, and Humane? was mine Habit, and my Countenance ſuch, as now thou ſeeſt, when with thee I ſearcht into the Secrets of Nature, when thou didſt ſhew me the Courſe of the Stars, and didſt form my Life, and Converſation according to that Order which is in the Heavens? And is this the (*c*) Reward I muſt have for being ſo Obſervant of thy Inſtructions? But thou didſt confirm this Sentence by the mouth of *Plato*: That Common-wealths are Happy, where *Philoſophers* have the Government, or where the preſent Governors begin at length ſeriouſly to Apply themſelves to *Philoſophy*. Thou by

(*b*) *The firſt cauſe of* Boetius *his griefe was his baniſhment and miſery.* (*c*) *The ſecond cauſe, becauſe he had not deſerved them, having a good intention in admitting promotion.*

the

the mouth of the ſame *Plato* haſt taught me that this is a Neceſſary Cauſe why Wiſe men ſhould undertake the Adminiſtration of Publick Affairs, That the Government being left to men of crooked, and pervers diſpoſitions, they would be a perpetual Plague to all Perſons of true Honor, and Integrity. Therefore in ſubmiſſion to this Authority, what I learnt from thee in my Private *Contemplations*, I deſir'd to bring into *Practice*, in the due Management of Publick Affairs. GOD, who hath fixed thee in the minds of the Wiſe, is my Witneſs, that no other Inclination brought me into any Publick Office, but to be Serviceable to all Good Men. Hence it was that I had ſo many (*d*) Occaſions of grievous, and irreconcileable Diſcord with wicked, injurious People; and, ſuch is the Liberty of a pure Conſcience, in the proſecution of Juſtice, I ever deſpis'd the Diſpleaſure of Great Men. How often did I oppoſe (*e*) *Conigaſtus*, when he would have ſeiz'd the Fortunes of all Perſons uncapable of Defending

(d) *Thirdly, he deſerved the contrary.* (e) *One of king Theodoricus his chiefeſt favorites.*

them-

themſelves! how often did I diſappoint *Triguilla*, the Controuler of the Kings Houſehold, in his Injurious Deſigns! how often did I Protect by my Authority thoſe diſtreſſed People, whom the Avarice of the (*f*) *Barbarians*, that went allwayes unpuniſht, did vex with infinite Calumnies, and Falſe Accuſations! I was never drawn aſide from Right to Injuſtice by Any man whatſoever. When I ſaw the Fortunes of thoſe that liv'd in the *Provinces* ſo rackt and torn, both by Private Rapines, and Publick Taxes, I Griev'd no leſs than thoſe very men, who ſuffer'd ſuch great Oppreſſions. When in a time of extream Scarcity of Corn there was a moſt grievous *Coemption* eſtabliſht, which in all likelyhood would have impoveriſht the Province of *Campania*, I ſtrove againſt Him, who was Next in Authority under the King, for the Common Good, and Diſputed the buſineſs with him touching the *Coemption*, the King himſelfe hearing the Debate and I prevail'd, ſo that it was not exacted. *Paulinus*, a Worthy Perſon, that had been *Conſul*, whoſe Eſtate thoſe *Palatine*

(f) *The Gothes.*

Dogs

Dogs had already devour'd in their Hope, and Ambition, I drew from their Jaws, whilst they *Gaped* on him. That *Albinus*, who also had been *Consul*, might not Suffer by an Accusation, to which he was never call'd to make his Answear, I expos'd my self to the Hatred of *Cyprianus*, his Accuser. Do I not seem to have heaped up matter enough of Strife, and Contention against my self? but I ought to have found the greater Regards amongst other men, having so Acted upon the Principles of Justice, and Integrity, that I deserv'd nothing for my selfe among the *Courtiers*, whereupon I might repose the least Confidence in any of them. (*g*) But by whose Accusations are we Ruin'd? One of them, *Basilius*, being turn'd out of the Kings Service was compell'd by the Debts he had contracted to forge an Accusation against Me. But when the King had Decreed that *Opilio* and *Gaudentius* should suffer Banishment for their innumerable, and manifold Deceitful-dealings, and when they refusing to obey the Decree

(g) *The fourth cause of his griefe, the basenes of his accusers and the open injustice of his accusation.*

tooke *Sanctuary*, and the King had notice of it, he gave Commandement that if they did not go from *Ravenna* within a certain Day, they ſhould be Mark't in their Foreheads with an Hot Iron, and driven out of the City: How could there be a greater Act of Severity? Yet that ſame Day the Accuſations of thoſe ſame Perſons were taken againſt Me. What then? Did our Studies deſerve this? or could my Condemnation Fore-determin'd Qualify Thoſe men to be my accuſers? Was not Fortune in the leaſt aſham'd of Innocence Accus'd, or of the Baſeneſs of the Accuſers? But wouldeſt thou know the (*h*) matter that is lay'd to my charge? It is Affirm'd that I would have ſav'd the *Senate* from great Danger. Wilt thou hear the Manner of it? My Crime is to have hind'red an *Informer* from *Impeaching* the *Senate* of High Treaſon. O Miſtreſs, what thinkeſt thou? ſhall I Deny what I am Accus'd of, that I be not a ſhame to thee? But indeed I did wiſh well to the *Senate*, and ſhall never ceaſe to Deſire their Safety. Shall I Confeſs it? but ſo that Endeavour to hin-

(h) *Fiſtly, His chiefe offence was vertue.*

der

der the *Informer* will become ineffectual. Shall I call that an Offence to have Desir'd the Safety of that *Order*? They have indeed made it an Offence by their Decrees against Me. But Ignorance that is allwayes False to it selfe, cannot change the Merit of things; neither do I think it Lawful, being of *Socrates's* Judgement, to conceale the Truth, or give way to a Lye. But be it how it will, I leave it to the Judgement of Wise Men. The Truth of this Affair that Posterity may not be Ignorant thereof, I have endeavour'd by Writing to keep in Remembrance. For as touching those Forged (*i*) Letters, whereby I am Accus'd to have hoped the *Romane Freedome*, to what purpose should I speak? Their Fraud should have been lay'd open to all men, if it had been granted me, but to use the Confession of mine Accusers, which of all matters of this nature is of the greatest Importance.

In which Affair Sorrow has not so dulled my Senses, as that I should complain that Wicked men Attempt such horrid things a-

(i) *Sixtly He was falsely accused and not permitted to use the testimony of his very accusers.*

gainſt Virtue: but I am quite Aſtoniſht to ſee that they bring their Deſigns to ſuch Effect. For to Will unrighteous things were perhaps but a part of Humane Frailty; but that every Villain ſhould be Able to accompliſh the Miſchief he has conceiv'd againſt a Perſon never ſo Innocent, (*k*) GOD Looking on, ſeemeth Monſtrous unto me. Whence one of thy Family thought he had juſt cauſe to raiſe theſe Queſtions: If there be a GOD, whence come *Evil things?* but whence come the *Good*, if there be none? But be it ſo, that thoſe Ungodly fellowes, who thirſt for the Bloud of all good men, and of the whole *Senate*, ſhould have the Will to Deſtroy Me, whom they ſaw ſo earneſtly endeavouring to Defend Good men, and all the *Senate*. (*l*) But what, did I deſerve the ſame hard meaſure even from the *Senatours* alſo? Thou doſt Remember, I believe, that when ever I was about to Say, or Do any thing, thou waſt allwayes preſent to Direct Me. This, I ſay, thou doſt well

(k) 7. *He grieveth that wicked men are able to prevaile againſt the good.* (l) 8. *The Senators themſelves of whom hee had deſerved ſo well, were his enemies.*

Re-

Remember: At *Verona*, when the King intending a Common Deſtruction, would fain have transfer'd the Accuſation of Treaſon brought againſt *Albinus*, upon the whole Order of the *Senate*, with how great a Diſregard of mine own particular Safety I Defended their Innocence. Thou knoweſt that what I ſay, is True: and that I was never wont to Praiſe mine own Actions. For it doth in a manner leſſen the Secret Approbation that Conſcience gives unto itſelfe, when any man by declaring what good he hath done, receives *Fame* for his Reward. But thou ſeeſt to what my Innocency hath brought Me. Inſtead of the Rewards of True Virtue, I undergoe the Puniſhment of ſuch Wickedneſs, of which I am Falſely Accuſ'd. (*m*) And what horrid Villany, ſo evident that it could not but be Confeſt, did ever ingage the Judges in ſuch Unanimous Severity, that neither the ſenſe of Humane nature, ſo inclin'd to Error, nor of the Condition of Fortune ſo Uncertain to all Mortals, ſhould ſoften the Hearts of any

(m) *Nimbly, all conſpired againſt him, no man had Compaſſion of him.*

of them. If I had been Accus'd to have deſign'd the Burning of *Temples*, the Murthering of the *Prieſts*, to have Plotted the Deſtruction of all Good men, yet *Sentence* ſhould have been given againſt me being Preſent, either upon mine own *Confeſſion*, or the *Conviction* of mine Accuſers. (*n*) Now being remov'd frome *Rome* allmoſt five hundred Miles, and having no Liberty granted me to make my Defence, I am Condemn'd to Death and *Proſcription*, for Studying the Safety of the *Senate*. O Excellent Men, that well Deſerve that none ſhould ever be Convicted of the like Crime! The Dignity of which Offence, even they who Impeach me of it knew full well: that they might darken the luſtre of it with the mixture of ſome real wickedneſs, they faign'd that I had defiled my Conſcience with the guilt of (*o*) Sacriledge, whilſt I did Aſpire to Places of Honor. But Thou who Dwelleſt in Me didſt drive out of my Mind all Deſires of periſhing things, and Sacriledge could never have leave to be in thy Preſence. For thou

(*n*) 10. *He was condemned being abſent.* (*o*) 11. *He was falſly accuſed of Sacriledge.*

didſt

didſt dayly Inſtill into mine Ears, and into my Thoughts that ſaying of *Pythagoras* Ἕπου Θεῷ, (FOLLOW GOD). Neither did it become Me to ſeek the Aſſiſtance of the Vileſt Spirits, whom thou didſt make capable of ſuch an Excellency, that I ſhould be Like GOD: And beſides by the unſtained Reputation of mine Houſe, the Company of my worthy Friends, and alſo my Father-in-law, a Perſon of the greateſt Integrity imaginable, and Venerable like thy ſelf, I am defended from all ſuſpition of any ſuch Crime. But, oh Malice, and Ignorance! they take occaſion from Thee to make men believe that I am guilty of ſo great Wickedneſs, and for this very cauſe ſhall I ſeem to be skill'd in the moſt prodigious Impiety, that I have been Inſtructed in thy Diſcipline, that I have been endued with thy Manners. Thus it is not enough that the Reverence due unto Thee has profited me nothing, but thou alſo doſt ſuffer (*p*) Reproach through the Hatred they have conceiv'd againſt Me. But this is a great Addition to my Calamities that the Judge-

(*p*) 12. *Philoſophy and Learning diſhonoured for his ſake.*

ment of moſt men does not reſpect the Honor, and Virtue of our *Undertaking*, but the *Succeſs* of our *Actions*; and they conceive that Fore-ſight, and True Wiſedome are only in thoſe things which are commended by a Proſperous Event. Thus it comes to paſs that a (*q*) Good Eſteem in the firſt place leaves the Unfortunate. 'Tis irkſome to me to think of the various Reports of the People, how many Abſurd, and diſagreeing opinions men declare concerning Me. I ſhall only ſay this that 'tis the heavieſt *Load* that Fortune layes on the Oppreſſed, that when Calamitous Perſons are charg'd with any Crime, they are thought to Deſerve what they Suffer. And I being remov'd from the Converſation of all Good men, being depriv'd of my Dignities, wronged in my Reputation, have ſuffer'd moſt grievous Puniſhment for Well-doing. And now methinks I ſee the (*r*) Companies of the Wicked flowing in Mirth, and Jollity: every leud fellow thinking how he may frame the moſt pernicious Falſe-Accuſa-

(q) 13. *The loſs of eſtimation with the greateſt part.* (r) 14. *The wicked encouraged and the good diſmayed by his fall.*

tions

tions: Good men cast down by the Terror that falls on them at the sight of My Ruine: every flagitious fellow being excited to Attempt the most horrid Injuries by *Impunity*, to Finish them by Rewards: Innocent men being not only depriv'd of Security from Accusation, but also of all capacity of making their Defence. Therefore I cannot but Cry out.

The Fifth Verse.

Boetius complaineth, that all things are governed by Gods providence, beside the actions and affayres of men.

O Thou, through All the World Renown'd,
Father of Lights, who Sitting Still
On thy Throne Turn'st the Hea'vns around,
And makst the Stars Obey thy Will:
Now Thou Command'st the Moon *to Shine*
Meeting with all her Brothers Beams,
Makeing the lesser Stars *repine*
That she doth so obstruct their Streams:
Now she's depriv'd of that great Light,
Lookes Pale as through such Loss Forlorn,

And

And that (a) *ſame* Star *that brings the Night*
Attends bright Phœbus *in the Morn.*
In that Cold Time when Trees are bare,
Thou doſt cut ſhort th' unpleaſant Day:
When Daies are Warm, and fields looke Fair,
Thou makſt the Nights to fly away.
The Courſe of Times thy Power doth guide,
So that the leaves which were all torn,
And thrown away by Boreas's *Pride*
Mild Zephyrus *makes to return.*
The Dod-ſtar *burns the Corn full grown,*
Which coole (b) Arcturus *would have ſown.*
Ther's nothing free from th' Antient Law;
Thee All things in their Stations ſerve:
Thou keepſt them in ſuch conſtant Awe,
That from thy Rule they never ſwerve:
Why doſt Thou men alone Neglect
As if they were not worth thy Care?
Why dost Thou not their Works reſpect,
So that juſt men no Harms may Fear?
Why ſhould we thus ſee Juſtice rent,
And Broken on wild Fortunes Wheele,
So that ſuch grievous Puniſhment,
As Felons Merit, Good men Feele?
But Wicked Manners ſit on High,
And ſplendid Thrones: they Tread on thoſe,
Who hold faſt their Integrity,
And all Baſe wayes will ſtill Oppoſe.

(a) The ſame Star, is the Morning and Evening Star too, at ſeveral times of the year. (b) The name of a Star.

Black

Black Fates obſcure Bright Virtues Face:
The Upright man bears that Diſgrace,
Which his Vile Foes deſerve.
No Perjury, or baſe Deceit
Brings them to Ruine: when they pleaſe
To uſe their ſtrength, with Armies Great,
They Conquer Kingdomes, Lands, and Seas.
Whoe're Thou art who Rul'ſt the Wind,
Doſt All things in their Stations hold,
Looke down at length, and ſee Mankind
In Troubles, and Confuſion rowl'd.
Of thy Great Worke a Part are we
That may not be Neglected. Lo,
How we are Toſt in Fortunes Sea,
Upon the Waves of Various Woe!
O MASTER, let this Tempeſt ceaſe;
And as Thou makſt the Heav'ns Above
To follow thy Commands in Peace,
ſo bind the Earth with th' Bonds of Love.

The Fifth Prose.

Philoſophy ſheweth that Boetius is the cauſe of his owne miſery.

WHEN I had breath'd forth theſe Complaints in the Anguiſh of my Soule She with an undiſturbed Looke not at all

all mov'd with thoſe expreſſions of my Sorrow, delivers theſe words: When I ſaw thee Sad, and pouring forth Tears, preſently I underſtood that thou waſt *Miſerable*, and Remov'd from *Thine* (a) *own Country*, but at what Diſtance I could not judge till I found it out by thine own Diſcourſe. But the truth is, thou art not *Remov'd from thine own Country*, but haſt *Wandred from it*. But if thou wouldſt rather have it ſaid that thou art *Violently Removed*, or *Expell'd*, Thou thy ſelfe art the Author of Thy *Expulſion*. For truly no other man could ever have had that Power over Thee. For if thou doſt Remember the Country from whence thou Cameſt, It is not Govern'd, as the *Athenians* ſometime were, by a *Multitude*: but οὐκ πολυκοιρανίη, οὐκ βασιλεύς: *There One Commands Alone, there is One King*; who Rejoyceth in theGreat Company, and not in the *Exile* of His *Citizens*: To be Reſtrain'd by Him, and Kept in Subjection to His Righteous Will, is the Greateſt Freedome. Art thou Ignorant that it is a Law of Thy Country, that none ſhall be *Baniſht*, who Would ra-

(a) *The Poſſeſſion of thy ſelfe, and Right reaſon.*

ther

ther Abide in It? For he that loves to Dwell There can have no fear leaſt he ſhould Deſerve to be an *Exile*. But he that ceaſeth to be *Willing* to have an *Habitation* There, ceaſeth alſo to be Worthy of it. Therefore I am not ſo much Mov'd at the Lookes of this Place, as I am at Thine: neither do I find the want of a Library adorn'd with Ivory, and with Glaſs; but of the Seat of thy Mind. In which ſometime I put not Books, but that which makes Books to be of any Value, to wit, the Senſe of my Books. And indeed the things that thou haſt ſpoken touching the Merit of thine Endeavours to Advance the Common Good, are very True: yet 'tis but little that thou haſt ſaid, in reſpect of thoſe many Actions, thou haſt perform'd upon this Account. As concerning the Truth, or Falſehood of the Objections that have been made againſt thee, thou haſt ſpoken things known to all men. Thou haſt done well in that thou haſt but lightly toucht the many-fold Frauds, and Wickedneſs of thine Accuſers, ſith the ſame things are better, and more copiouſly diſcourſt of by the mouths of the common People,

ple, who well remember all theſe things. Thou haſt alſo Reflected with great Severity on that *Fact* of the Unjuſt *Senate:* And thou haſt expreſt thy Sorrow for the Blame that has been lay'd upon Me, and thou haſt with Tears lamented the loſs of the good Opinion that men had of Thee: At length thy Griefe brake forth into Indignation againſt Fortune, and thou didſt complain that ſhe does not Deal with men according to their Deſerts: In the Concluſion thy *Raging Muſe* expreſt her Deſires that the ſame Peace, which Governs Heaven would Govern the Earth alſo: But becauſe ſo great a Tumult of diſorderly Affections hath ſeiz'd on thee, and Grief, and Anger ſo Vex, and Diſtract thee, whilſt thy Mind is ſo diſtemper'd thou art not fit to receive the ſtronger ſort of Remedies: Therefore let us uſe *Lenitives* a little while, that what has been hardn'd into a *Tumour* by a Flux of Sharp Humours, may be fitted by the ſofter kind of Applications for the moſt quick, and ſearching Medicines.

The

The SIXTH VERSE.

Philoſophy proveth that order is neceſſary in all things.

WHen Cancer *with* Sols *Rayes doth burn,*
Then whoſo truſts his Ground with Seed,
Of which it makes him no return;
Deceiv'd, He may on Akorns feed.
If Purple Violets thou wilt find,
Goe not to th' Wood when Snow, and Froſt
Are thither brought by th' North-Eaſt Wind,
And th' Fields have all their Beauty *loſt.*
Preſs not the Branches of the Vine
In Spring-time *with a greedy Hand,*
If thou deſire to have good Wine,
Or pleaſant Grapes at thy command.
Till Autumn Bacchus *never brings*
His Gifts to Peaſants, or to Kings.
To ſev'ral Times our God Above
Their ſev'ral Duties hath Aſſign'd:
Courſes Diſtinct hee'l not approve
Should ever be together Joyn'd.
Ev'n ſo what is done in ſuch haſt
That Order due we cann't forecaſt,
It will not come to good at laſt.

The

The Sixth Prose.

Philoſophy diſcovereth the inward cauſes of Boetius his griefe.

WIlt thou permit me to try the ſtate of thy Mind by propoſing a few Queſtions, that I may underſtand what courſe to take for the Cure of thy Diſtemper. I ſhall Anſwer, quoth I, to whatſoever thou ſhalt be pleas'd to Aske of me. Then ſhe ſpake thus: Doſt thou think that this World is hurried on in it's courſe by the Agitations of Chance, or meer Caſualty, Or that it is Govern'd by REASON? But, quoth I, never could I entertain ſuch a thought, as this, that ſuch Certain and Orderly Motions can proceed from Chance and Uncertainty. I know that GOD, the Maker of the Univerſe Sits on High, and Overlooks his own Worke; neither ſhall that Day ever come that may enforce me to forſake this Truth. Thou ſayſt well, quoth ſhe; for what thou didſt Sing a little while ſince ſuits well with thy preſent ſpeech: and thou

thou didſt deplore Mankind, as Neglected by GOD, whilſt All things elſe are under his Providence. Thou didſt not ſeem in the leaſt to doubt of thoſe things; but that they are Govern'd by REASON. But truly I cannot but wonder very much that thou ſhouldſt ſtill labour under ſuch a Diſtemper having attain'd to ſo great a meaſure of the moſt Wholſome Doctrine. But let us ſearch deeper; I conceive that ſomething, I know not what, thou lackeſt yet. Tell me, ſince thou doſt not doubt but that the World is Govern'd by GOD, doſt thou conſider alſo by what *Rule* He Governs it? I hardly underſtand, quoth I, the meaning of this Queſtion, much leſs am I able to give an Anſwear thereunto. Was I miſtaken, ſaith ſhe, in that I thought there was ſomething Wanting, through which *Defect*, as through an *Hole* theſe Perturbations have Crept into thy Mind? But tell me, doſt thou Remember what is the END of things? or what it is that the Whole Courſe of Nature Tends unto? I have heard what it is, quoth I, but Sadneſs has much weakned my Memory. But how knoweſt thou from what All things

derive their Being? I know from what, ſaid I: from GOD. And how can it be that ſith thou knoweſt what is the BEGINING of things, thou ſhouldſt be Ignorant of their END? But this is the cuſtome of theſe Perturbations, and Diſtractions of mind, ſuch is their ſtrength, that they unſettle, and diſcompoſe a mans Thoughts, but cannot alienate him from the proper *Sentiments* of a Rational Nature. I would have thee give an Anſwear to this Queſtion; doſt thou Remember that thou art a Man? how is it poſſible, quoth I, that I ſhould ever Forget this? Art thou able then to tell me what Man is? Is this the Senſe of thy Queſtion, whether I know my ſelfe to be a Living *Creature* Rational, and Mortal? I know, and confeſs that I am. And doſt thou not know, quoth ſhe, that thou art ſomewhat beſides that? No. Now, quoth ſhe, I come to underſtand another, and that the greateſt cauſe of thy Diſtemper, thou faileſt of the Knowledge of Thy Selfe. Wherefore I have plainly found out the grounds of thy Diſeaſe, or rather the way to recover thy Health. For becauſe thou art in ſuch Con-

Confuſion of mind, by reaſon that thou Forgetteſt Who thou art, thou falleſt into this extream Anguiſh, as if thou waſt *Exil'd*, and Depriv'd of thy Proper Goods. Forasmuch as thou art Ignorant what is the END of things thou judgeſt that Lawleſs, and Ungodly men are in great Power, and Felicity. And forasmuch as thou haſt Forgotten by what *Rule* the World is Govern'd, thou art ſo apt to conceit that the manifold Changes of Humane Affairs are not within the compaſs of any Government. Great cauſes indeed not only of Sickneſs, but of Death itſelfe. But Thanks be to the Author of Health that Reaſon has not as yet wholly forſaken thee. We have very good grounds to undertake thy Recovery, in that thou retaineſt this Truth touching the Governance of the World, that it is not ſubject to the temerity of Chance, but to the Divine Wiſedome. Therefore ſet thy heart at reſt. We perceive ther's Vital Heat in thee by this little Spark. But becauſe it is not yet a fit time for ſtronger Remedies, and ſuch is the nature of our Minds that as often as they caſt away the Truth they *Habituate*, themſelves

ſelves to Falſe Opinions, from which there ariſe ſuch *Fumes* of diſorderly Affections, which Darken the Eyes of our Underſtanding: Theſe *Fumes* I ſhall endeavour to *extenuate* with the moſt ſoft, and gentle Remedies, that the Darkeneſs of the Deceitful Love of Earthly things being done away, thou mayſt be able to apprehend the Brightneſs of the True Light.

The Seventh Verse.

Philoſophy declareth how the perturbations of our minds do hinder us from the knowledge of truth.

The Stars cann't yield their Light,
When Clouds keep them from ſight.
If ſtormy winds do blow,
And make Seas Ebbe, and Flow,
That Water which lookt Fair
As Brighteſt Dayes, and Clear
As Chriſtal, Foul'd with Mud,
Rais'd by the boyſtrous Floud,
Obſtructs our Sight. And ſo

The

The River that doth flow
From th' Hills is oft made ſtay
By Rocks that lye i'th 'way,
And if thou Verity
With a clear Eye wouldſt ſee;
If thou wouldſt find th' Right Way,
And from it never ſtray,
Caſt off fond Joyes, and Fears,
And Hopes: wipe off thy Tears.
The Mind's with Clouds o're caſt,
And with a Curb held faſt,
Where Theſe our Powers do waſt.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE *Conſolation of Philoſophy.*

The First Prose.

Of the deceits and inconſtancy of Fortune.

After this, She held her peace for ſome time; and when ſhe had gather'd in my Attention by a ſober, and grave Silence, thus ſhe began: If I throughly underſtand the cauſes of thy Diſtemper, and the Condition thou art in, thou doſt languiſh, and pine away for want of thy former Fortune: 'tis Her Change, as thou makeſt thy ſelfe to believe, that hath overthrown the high State of thy Mind. I underſtand the manifold Deceits of that *Prodigy*, and that ſhe is wont to ſhew the greateſt Dearneſs, and Familiarity to thoſe, whom

whom ſhe hath a mind to Delude, 'till ſhe confounds them with intolerable Anguiſh, whom beſide all expectation ſhe hath forſaken, and left deſtitute. If thou wilt call to mind her nature, manners, and diſerts, thou ſhalt underſtand that thou didſt neither Enjoy, nor Loſe any Excellent thing in Her Preſence, or Departure. But, as I judge, I ſhall have no hard taske to bring theſe things to thy Remembrance. For whilſt ſhe remained with thee, and flatter'd thee continually, thou waſt wont to ſpeak Manfully unto her, and to perſecute Her with ſentences brought from the (*a*) *Secret Place of my Temple.* But a ſudden Change of Things happens not without ſome Wavering of Minds. So it comes to paſs that thou art gone a little from thy wonted Peace, and Tranquillity. But 'tis now time that thou ſhouldſt drink ſome Pleaſant, and Delicious thing, which being receiv'd will Prepare thee for Stronger *Potions.* Therefore let us have the Perſwaſives of Sweet *Rhetorick*, which then only proceeds in the Right way, when ſhe forſakes not our Inſtructions: and

(*a*) *Profound wiſdome and knowledge.*

with Her let *Muſick*, who is one of our Houſe-hold Servants Sing Notes ſometimes Light, and ſometimes Grave. What is it then, ô Man, that hath caſt thee into ſo deep Sadneſs, and Diſcontent? I believe thou haſt ſeen ſomething new, and unuſual. Doſt thou think that Fortune is Changed in her Diſpoſition towards Thee? thou art miſtaken. Theſe are Her Manners: this is Her Nature. She hath rather kept her own Conſtancy in the Mutability ſhe hath ſhown towards Thee. She was no other than now thou ſeeſt Her to be, when ſhe flatter'd, and Deceiv'd thee with the Enticements of Falſe Felicity. Thou haſt found out the Deceitful Pretences of this Blind Goddeſs. She that covers Her ſelfe with a Vaile from the *ſight* of other men has ſuffer'd thee to take a full View of Her: and to be fully acquainted with her Diſpoſition. If thou Likeſt Her, uſe her Manners, do not complain. If thou dreadeſt her Perfidiouſneſs, Scorn, and rejeſt Her, that ſports her ſelfe thus in doing miſchiefe. For ſhe that hath brought thee into ſo great Sorrowes ſhould have been the cauſe of thy Tranquillity. For

ſhe

ſhe hath left Thee, of whom no man can be Secure, but that ſhe will leave him alſo. But doſt thou think in good earneſt that that Felicity, which thus paſſeth away, is any thing worth? and can any Preſent Fortune be Dear unto thee, which gives thee no Aſſurance of her Stay, and when ſhe ſhall Depart, will certainly involve thee in great Anguiſh, and Vexation? If we cannot keep Her with us as long as we pleaſe; and if when ſhe flyes from us ſhe makes us miſerable, what is ſhe elſe, being ſo ready to take her flight, but a Sign of future Calamity? For it is not ſufficient to Conſider that which is lay'd before our Eyes. Prudence meaſureth the End of things; whoſe Mutability in either State, ſhould make us neither to Fear the Threat'nings of Fortune, nor Regard her Pretences of Friendſhip. Finally thou oughteſt to bear with a patient mind, whatſoever is done within the *Juriſdiction* of Fortune, now thou haſt ſubmitted thy Neck to her Yoke. If thou wouldeſt impoſe a Law on her, whom thou haſt freely choſen to be thy Miſtreſs, to ſtay, or be gone at thy pleaſure, wouldeſt

thou

thou not be Injurious, and by thine Impatience encreaſe the Bitterneſs of that Condition, which thou art not able to Change? If thou ſhouldſt commit thy Sailes to the Winds, thou ſhouldſt not be carried whither thou Wouldeſt Arrive, but whither they will Drive thee. If thou wilt ſow thy ground, thou muſt make account that ſome years are barren, and ſome fruitful. Thou haſt ſubmitted thy ſelfe to the Government of Fortune, 'tis but requiſite thou ſhouldſt comply with the Humours of thy Miſtreſs. But doſt thou endeavour to put a ſtop to the Tnrning of her Wheele? but, O Fooliſh man, if ſhe begins to be *Conſtant*, ſhe ceaſeth to be *Fortune*.

The First Verse.

Philoſophy diſcribeth the conditions of fortune.

WHen mighty things ſhe turns about
(a) Euripus *Like ſhe ſwiftly flowes*;

(a) *An arme of the Sea betwixt Phocides in Bœotia, and the Ile Eubœa, which ebs and flowes ſo ſwiftly 7 times in a day, that it carieth ſhips againſt the wind, yea the very wind it ſelfe* Plin. lib. 2.

She

She doth moſt dreadful Armies rout,
And Potent Monarchs overthrowes:
And Heads caſt down ſhe lifts on high:
She hearkens not to ſighs, and groans
Of men plung'd deep in Miſery,
She tortures them, and ſcorns their Moans.
Theſe are Her ſports, thus doth ſhe try
Her ſtrength; and 'tis a wondrous feat,
If in that Houre a man ſhall lye
Ith' Duſt, in which his Power was Great.

The Second Prose.

Fortune ſheweth, that ſhe hath taken nothing from Boetius, that was his.

BUT I would diſcourſe with thee a little in the words of Fortune. Obſerve if ſhe ſpeaks not right. O man, why doſt thou thus complain of my carriage towards thee? In what have I Injur'd thee? what Goods, that thou mighteſt juſtly call *Thine own*, have we taken from thee? Let any man be Judge betwixt us, whilſt thou contendeſt with me touching the Poſſeſſion of Riches,

Riches, and Dignities: And if thou ſhalt prove that any of them do properly belong to any Mortal whatſoever, I will readily grant that thoſe things, which thou deſireſt ſhould be reſtor'd unto thee were *Thine* indeed. When Nature brought thee out of thy Mothers wombe, I tooke thee being Naked, and deſtitute of all things, I cheriſht thee with my Riches, and, which makes thee now ſo Impatient againſt me, I gave thee the moſt tender, and delicate Education, and encompaſt thee with the Abundance, and ſplendour of all things, which are in my power. Now I think fit to withdraw my hand; be Thankful as one that has had the uſe of things that are not Thy proper Goods. Thou haſt no juſt cauſe to complain, as if thou hadſt loſt that which was *Thine own.* Why then doſt thou ſigh, and groan? Riches, Honors, and all ſuch like things are in my power: they acknowledge that I am their Miſtreſs: they come, and go with me. I boldly affirm, that if thoſe things had been Thine, which thou complaineſt that thou haſt loſt, thou hadſt not loſt them. Shall I only be hin-

hind'red from the exerciſe of my power? 'tis lawful for the Heavens to bring forth clear Dayes, and to ſhut up thoſe Daies in Dark Nights. 'Tis lawful for the Year now to adorn the Face of the Earth with Flowers, and Fruit; now to cover it with Froſt, and Snow. 'Tis the right of the Sea, now to looke mild, and calm; now to grow rough with waves, and ſtorms. And ſhall the unſatiable Deſires of men oblige Me to conſtancy, which is ſo contrary to my Manners? This is the Part I am to Act: this is the play I play continually. I turn round a Wheele, and make the loweſt, and uppermoſt things to change their places. Go up, if thou thinkſt fit, but on that condition that thou do not take it for an Injury, if thou be made to go down again, when the Play requires it. Haſt thou never been made acquainted with my Manners? haſt thou not heard how *Cræſus* King of the *Lydians*, but a little before very formidable to (*a*) *Cyrus*, being brought to the Fire, a moſt doleful Spectacle, was ſav'd by Water, pour'd down from Heaven, from the devouring

(a) *King of Perſia.*

Flames?

Flames? doſt thou not remember that (*b*) *Paulus* wept at the Calamity of King (*c*) *Perſeus*, whom he had taken Captive? what is the loud complaint of *Tragedies*, but that Fortune diſregards, and overturns the happieſt Kingdomes? didſt thou not learn when thou waſt a Boy, that in (*d*) "*Jupi-*
"*ters Entry there are Two large Veſſels, one*
"*holding Evil things, and the other Good*
"*things?* what if I have not wholly with-drawn my ſelfe from thee? what if this very Inconſtancy of mine be a juſt cauſe why thou ſhouldeſt hope for Better things? However do not repine at thy condition, and being ſeated in a Kingdome, which is go-vern'd by Lawes Common to all, do not entertain any vain deſires of living by a Right Peculiar to thy ſelfe.

(*b*) Paulus Aemilius, *Conſul of Rome.* (c) *Or* Perſes *King of Ma-cedonia.* (d) *This is taken out of* Homer, Iliad. VIt.

The SECOND VERSE.

Fortune complaineth of the unsatiable desire of men.

IF so much Wealth, as th' Ocean casts up Sand,
Men could at length obtain:
Or had so many Gemms at their command
As Heav'n doth Stars contain;
All this would not suffice, but they would still
Complain, and Covet more.
And if it were Our Great Creators Will
To adde unto their Store,
And make their Names with Glorious Titles shine,
Yet they would seem to Want,
Through their voracious Lusts they would Repine,
Their Thirsty Soules would Pant,
And Gape for more, and more. What Curbe can now
Their Appetite restrain,
Sith whilst they in so great abundance flow,
Of Want they still complain:
He is not Rich, who doth himselfe Deplore,
And thinks that He is Poore.

The THIRD PROSE.

Philoſophy proveth, that fortune had been more favourable, than contrary to Boetius.

IF Fortune ſhould ſpeak to thee after this manner, certainly thou wouldſt hardly find a word to ſay for thy ſelfe. Or if there be any thing, whereby thou mayſt defend the complaint thou makſt againſt her, thou oughteſt to produce it; thou haſt liberty to declare thy mind. Then ſaid I: Truly the things that thou haſt ſpoken have a fair ſhew, and carry with them the Hony of Sweet *Rhetorick*, and *Muſick*; they delight us only ſo long, as we Attend to their Sound: But men in Miſery have a deeper ſenſe of the Evils that oppreſs them. Therefore when ſuch things ceaſe to Affect the Ear, that Anguiſh which is ſettled in the Mind becomes more grievous. And ſaith ſhe, 'Tis ſo indeed. For we do not as yet adminiſter the Remedies of thy Diſtemper, but theſe things are to aſſwage the violence of the Pain, which will not admit our chiefeſt Medicines.

dicines. For we ſhall apply ſuch things, which will pierce into the roote of thy Diſeaſe, as ſoon as it ſhall be ſeaſonable. But that thou mayſt not reckon thy ſelfe in the number of Wretched men, what, haſt thou forgotten the meaſure of thy Felicity? To ſay nothing of this, that Perſons of the Higheſt Quality tooke care for thee in thy *Fatherleſs* condition; and that thou being choſen into the Affinity of the Principal men of the City didſt firſt begin to be *Dear*, and then to be *Near of Kin* unto them, which is the moſt excellent kind of Alliance. Who has not Applauded thee, as a moſt Happy man, upon account of the Splendor, and Nobleneſs of thy Father-in-law, the Chaſtity of thy Wife, and the Towardly Diſpoſition of thy Sons? I paſs by this (for I like not to ſpeak of common things) that thou didſt receive in thy Youth thoſe Dignities which few Old men can attein unto: it delighteth me to come to the ſingular hight of thy Felicity. If there be any true, and ſolid Happineſs in the moſt pleaſant Fruit of Humane Affairs, can the Memory of that Day be blotted out, with never ſo great an

inundation of over-flowing Evils ? when thou ſaweſt thy ſons being made *Conſuls*, to be brought from thy Houſe with ſo great a company of *Senators*, the People diſcoveing ſo much joy, and gladneſs; when thoſe thy Sons ſitting in the *Senate-Houſe* on their *Ivory-Chairs*, thou didſt make an Oration in Prayſe of the King, and deſervedſt the Glory of Wit, and Eloquence: when thou ſitting between thy Two Sons being *Conſuls* in the Place call'd *Circus*, didſt ſatisfy the expectation of the Multitude, crowding about thee, with a *Triumphal Largeſs*. Thou didſt flatter, and deceive Fortune, I beleive whilſt ſhe fawned on thee, and cheriſht thee, as her Darling. Thou didſt gett from her ſuch a Gift, as ſhe never beſtowed on any Private man. Wilt thou therefore come to a reckoning with Fortune? This is the firſt time that ſhe ever caſt a froward Looke on thee. If thou conſidereſt the number, and the meaſure of things Sad, and things Joyful, thou canſt not deny but that thou art Happy ſtill. If therefore thou judgeſt that thou art not Fortunate, becauſe thoſe things which ſeemed to be

be Joyful are paſt, and gone; ther's no cauſe why thou ſhouldſt think thy ſelfe Miſerable, ſith thoſe things alſo, which thou apprehendeſt to be ſo Sad, and grievous are paſſing away. What, didſt thou come forth but lately upon the Stage of this Life? doſt thou think ther's any conſtancy in Humane Affairs, whereas 'tis often ſeen that an Houres time makes an Healthy man return to the Duſt? For though the Goods of Fortune ſhould remain with us, which ſeldome comes to paſs, yet the Laſt Day of our Life would be as it were the Death of ſuch conſtant Proſperity. What matter is it therefore, whether thou goeſt from it, or it from thee?

The THIRD VERSE.

Philoſophy declareth, how all worldly things decay and fade away.

VV*Hen* Phæbus, *vanquiſhing the Night;*
Or'e th' Skies his Luſtre ſpreads:
The Stars, *Abaſht at ſuch great Light,*

Grow Pale, and hide their Heads.
Now Zephyrus *with his ſoft Breath*
The Roſes hath full blown:
The cloudy South Wind *bluſtereth,*
And ſtraight their Beauty's gon.
Sometimes the Sea's Still, *like the Shore,*
And Radiant, *like the Skies:*
Sometimes the ſtormy Winds do roar,
And Boyſtrous Waves ariſe.
Sith all this World is like the Duſt,
That's Driven with the Wind,
Why wilt thou to Mans Fortunes truſt,
Which none ſhall Conſtant find?
This is a Conſtant Law, can't Alter'd be,
That nothing here ſhall have True Conſtancy.

The Fourth Proſe.

Philoſophy proveth, that Boetius is ſtill fortunate, and that no man hath complete happineſs in this life.

THEN ſaid I, thou ſpeakſt the truth, O Nurce of all Vertues, neither can I ny the ſwift courſe of my Happy Daies.

But

But this doth moſt vehemently torment my ſoule, when I reflect on it, For in all Adverſity whatſoever 'tis the moſt Unhappy kind of Misfortune, *To have been Happy.* But, quoth ſhe, what thou ſuffereſt by thy Falſe Opinion, thou mayſt not impute to the Nature of things. And if thou art mov'd with the empty name of that Felicity, which is in the Power of Fortune, thou mayſt account with me how much thou doſt ſtill retein of it. Therefore if that, which thou didſt ever eſteem as moſt pretious in the whole Treaſury of thy Fortune, be ſtill by the Divine Providence kept ſafe, and free from all harme, can'ſt thou have any cauſe to ſay that Fortune deals hardly with thee, whilſt thou reteineſt the more valuable Enjoyments? But that moſt pretious Ornament of Mankind, thy Father-in-law *Symmachus* is ſtill Alive, and in good health; and (which thou wouldeſt readily purchaſe with the price of thine own Life) He, being a Man wholly made up of Wiſedome, and Vertue, regardleſs of the wrongs that are done unto himſelfe, beſtowes his complaints on thoſe, he ſees thee to ſuffer. Thy

Wife is ſtill Living, a Woman Modeſtly Ingenious, Excelling in all the Perfections of Chaſtity, and, that I may briefly comprehend all her Endowments, ſhe's Like her Father. She Lives, I ſay, and keeps her Breath only for thee, being weary of this Life; and, which, I confeſs, is a leſſening of thy Felicity, ſhe pines away with Tears, and ſorrow for want of thy Company. What ſhould I ſay of thy Sons, that have been *Conſuls*, in whom, as in Youths of their Age, there ſhines the Reſemblance of the Wit of their Father, and of their Grand-Father? Sith therefore it is our chiefeſt care to preſerve our Lives, O Happy man that thou art, if thou didſt but know how to value thy Condition, who to this very day haſt ſo great abundance of thoſe things, which no man doubts but that they are more Pretious than Life it ſelfe! wherefore wipe off theſe Tears from thine Eyes. Fortune has not as yet ſhown her utmoſt ſpight againſt thee; neither has an over-violent *Tempeſt* falled on thee, whilſt thine *Anchors* hold faſt, which do not permit thee to want Conſolation for the preſent, nor Hopes to

ſee

ſee Better Times. And I pray, quoth I, they may hold faſt; for whilſt they are Fixed, however the matter goes, I ſhall have hopes to overcome the Storme. But thou ſeeſt how my Honors, and Dignities are diminiſht. And ſaith ſhe, we have Advanc'd ſomewhat in our deſign if there be any thing in thy Condition, with which thou art not diſpleas'd. But I cannot away with this that thou art ſo nice, and tender, who makeſt ſuch grievous complaints that there is ſome thing wanting, which thou wouldeſt have to compleat thy Happineſs. For where is the man that hath attein'd to ſuch a ſtate of Eaſe, and ſatisfaction, that he is not in any regard Diſcontented with the quality of his preſent Fortune? For the condition of the Goods of this World is full of Anxiety, and vexation, and ſuch that it never comes whole, and entire, and never can be made ſtable, and permanent. One man abounds in Wealth, but is Aſham'd of his Ignoble Birth. Another being Nobly Born is well Known throughout all the Country, but wanting an Eſtate Anſwearable to the Greatneſs of his Name, he would rather be hid in

Obscurity with persons of the meanest Rank. This man is both Rich, and Noble, and bemoans himselfe for want of a Wife. That man hath a Good Wife, but hath no Children, and afflicts himselfe with the thoughts that he must leave his Wealth to a Stranger. Another rejoycing in his Issue turns his joy into mourning for the ill carriage of his Son, or of his Daughter. So that no man can easily suit his Mind with his own Condition. And let us moreover consider this, that the sense of every man that has been most us'd to Prosperity is exceeding soft, and delicate, and unless he can have all things at his beck, being unaccustom'd to any Adversity, is cast down with every little thing, that goes across to him: of such small moment are such matters, which detract from the perfection of the Happiness of those men, on whom Fortune has bestowd her choicest Favours. How many are there thinkest thou who would conceit themselves to be Advanc'd almost as high, as Heaven, if they could have but a part of the remains of thy Prosperity? This very Place that thou callest *Exile* is the Country of the Inhabi-

tants.

tants. Thus nothing is a Misfortune, but when thou deemeſt it ſo to be: And on the contrary Every Condition turns into Proſperity to thoſe, who know how to Diſpoſe themſelves in it. What man is there ſo Happy, but he would be deſirous to change his Eſtate, if he ſhould once give way to Impatience? what bitterneſs is the ſweetneſs of Humane Felicity ſprinkled with! which if it ſeem joyful to him that poſſeſſeth it, yet it cannot be ſecur'd to him for a moment. 'Tis evident therefore how Wretched that Happineſs is which conſiſts in the Enjoyment of periſhing things, which neither remains with thoſe that are contented, nor is wholly delightſome to perſons of anxious, and diſturbed minds. Therefore, O ye ſons of Men, why do yee ſeek for True Happineſs Without, which is plac'd Within Your ſelves? You are confounded with Ignorance, and Wrong Opinions. I ſhall in a few words ſhew thee what is the Soveraign, and onely True Happineſs. Is there any thing more Dear, and Pretious to Thee, than Thy Selfe? Nothing, thou wilt ſay. Therefore if thou canſt have the full *Dominion*

ion of Thy Selfe, thou ſhalt Poſſeſs that which thou wouldeſt never part with, and which Fortune ſhall never be able to take from thee. And that thou mayſt clearly perceive that True Happineſs conſiſts not in thoſe things that are in the Power of Fortune, conſider this Argument: If Bliſs, or True Happineſs be the Soveraign Good of *Intellectual Nature*, neither is that Soveraign Good which can by any means be taken from us; becauſe that Excells it, which we cannot be deprived of: 'tis manifeſt that the Inſtability of Fortune can never bring us into the waies of True Happineſs. Moreover he that is puft up with this unconſtant Felicity either knowes, or doth not know, how Changeable it is. If he knowes it not, what Happineſs can there be in Ignorance, the Blindneſs of the Soule? If he knowes it, he muſt needs be in Fear of loſing, what he doubts not but may eaſily be loſt. Wherefore the Dread he is in continually ſuffers him not to be Happy. Or elſe he cares not if it be loſt; Thus alſo it appears to be a matter of ſmall moment, whoſe loſs can be ſo eaſily born. And becauſe thou art

art one of thoſe who know, and are aſſur'd by many Demonſtrations that the Soules of Men are Immortal; and ſith it is ſo clear, and unqueſtionable, that ſuch Happineſs, or Proſperity, which is in the Power of Fortune has it's Period by the Death of the Body; it cannot be doubted, but if Death be able to deprive us of our *Bliſs*, All Mankind muſt at length become Miſerable. And ſith we know that many a man hath earneſtly purſu'd, and endeavour'd after *Bliſs*, or True Happineſs, not only by Death, but alſo by great Pains, and Torments; how can it be that this preſent Life ſhould be able to make men Happy, the End whereof makes them not Miſerable?

The Fourth Verse.

Philoſophy commendeth a meane eſtate.

VVHoſo intends to get
A firm, and laſting Seat,
That he may Safety find

From

From Roaring Angry Wind,
And ſcorn proud Neptunes Threats
When all the Shores he Beats;
Let him not Build on High,
From looſe Sands let him fly.
When ſtormy Winds do blow,
High Houſes they o'rethrow;
An Houſe can never ſtand
Upon the ſliding Sand.
If thou wilt fly the great
Dangers of a brave Seat,
Build thy Houſe very Low,
And on a Rock: Although
The Winds their Forces raiſe,
And trouble Lands, and Seas,
Thou mayſt their Noiſe endure
In thy Low Seat Secure,
Thy Lookes will ſtill be Clear
Though Stormes diſturbe the Aire.

The Fifth Prose.

How riches are neither pretious, nor our own.

But becauſe theſe ſoft, and gentle Reaſonings, or *Fomentations* of the Mind begin to ſink into thee, I think it would now be ſeaſonable to uſe ſome ſtronger Medicines. Well then: Though the Gifts of Fortune were not ſo fraile, and tranſitory, what is there in them that can ever be truly, and properly *Your own*, and which being throughly diſcover'd what it is in it ſelfe, would not appear to be moſt vile, and deſpicable? Are Riches to be Priz'd in regard of Your Nature, or of Their own? what is the beſt kind of Riches? is it not Gold, or great Heaps of Mony? But theſe things make men to be ſincerely Eſteem'd when they are given away, rather than when they are kept in ſtore: for Covetouſneſs makes men Odious, Bounty Glorious. If that cannot remain with any man, which paſſeth from him to another: then is Mony Pretious, when, being confer'd on another,

by

by the exerciſe of Bounty, it ceaſeth to be in our own Poſſeſſion. But if one man had All the Wealth in the World, it would leave others in the greateſt Poverty. And indeed a *Voice* comes *Whole*, and *Undivided* to the Ears of a Multitude of People at the ſame time; but Your Riches, unleſs divided into many ſmall Parts, cannot be communicated to divers Perſons. And hence it is, that of neceſſity they expoſe ſuch men to Poverty, from whom they come into the Poſſeſſion of others. O then, how Narrow, and Contracted, how Beggerly are thoſe Riches; which 'tis impoſſible that Many men ſhould have Whole, and Entire, and which cannot come into the Hands of any one, without the Impoveriſhing of others! Art thou taken with the Splendor of *Gemms*, or *Pretious ſtones?* But if there be any Worth, or Excellency in their Brightneſs, that is the *Light* of thoſe Stones themſelves, not of Men: which *Gemms* I cannot but wonder exceedingly that Men ſhould have in ſuch Admiration. For what is there that wants a *Soule*, and a fit compoſure of *Members*, and *Features*, which ſhould ſeem

Beau-

Beauteous and *Amiable* to a *Rational Nature*? Which, although, as they are the Worke of our Creator, and in their own Rank they carry with them ſome of the loweſt kind of *Beauty*, yet ſith their Quality is ſo beneath Your Excellency, do in no wiſe deſerve Your Admiration. Are you Delighted with the Beauty of Fair, and Fruitful Fields? why not? For it is a *Fair* Part of the *Fair Worke* of the Creation. Thus we delight alſo to ſee how pleaſantly the Sea Lookes in a Calme, and Clear Day: thus we Admire the Heavens, the Stars, the Sun, and the Moon. What, doth any of theſe Peculiarly appertain to the? dareſt thou to Boaſt thy ſelfe in the Brightneſs of the Heavens? Art thou Adorn'd with the Various Colours, of the Flowers, that come forth in the Spring, and the Begining of Summer? Or are thoſe Fruits Thine that come forth ſo plenteouſly in their Seaſons? why art thou raviſht with vain Joyes? why doſt thou embrace *External things*, as if they were *Thine own*? Fortune can never make that to be *Thine*, which the Nature of Things has *Alienated* from thee. The Fruits of the Earth in-

indeed are without all doubt for the Nouriſhment of *Living Creatures* But if thou wilt Satisfy thy *Need*, which is all that Nature requires, ther's no reaſon why thou ſhouldſt deſire that Fortune ſhould make thee to *Abound.* For Nature is contented with a Few, and with very ſmall things: whoſe Fullneſs if thou wilt oppreſs with Superfluity, that which thou doſt Force upon her, will become either Unpleaſant, or Hurtful. And doſt thou think it a Brave thing to Shine in Rich Apparel? which if it be pleaſant to Looke on, I ſhall commend the Matter of which it is Made, or the Wit of him, that Made it. Art thou Happy in that thou haſt a long Train of Servants to wait on thee? who, if they be Vitious, are a Burthen to the Houſe, and a Plague to their Maſter: But ſuppoſe them to be Vertuous, how can it be that the Goodneſs, and Vertue of other men ſhould be reckon'd amongſt Thy Goods? By all that we have ſpoken it is clearly prov'd that not one of thoſe things which thou accounteſt to be *Thy Goods* is *Thy Good* indeed. In which things if there be not any *Beauty* to make them

them ſo Deſireable, what reaſon is there that thou ſhouldeſt either be Griev'd for the Loſs, or Delighted with the Poſſeſſion of them? If they are Fair, and Beauteous in their own Nature, what is that to Thee? For upon this account they might be as Pleaſing; though thou couldeſt not pretend to have any particular Intereſt in them. For they do not therefore become Pretious, or Valuable, becauſe they are a part of thy Riches; but becauſe they ſeemed to be Pretious thou didſt deſire to get them into thy Poſſeſſion. But, what would ye have, that yee make ſo much adoe about the things that are in the power of Fortune? I ſuppoſe ye would have ſuch Plenty, that yee might not ſtand in Need of any thing. But the caſe is quite contrary with you: For you have Need of more helps to keep the Riches, you have gotten: And True it is, that they ſtand in Need of Many things, who have Many things in their Poſſeſſion; and on the contrary they Want very little, who meaſure their Abundance by the Neceſſity of Nature, not by the Superfluity of Ambition. But are you ſo void of any Pro-

per, and Internal *Good*, that you ſhould ſeeke Your *Goods* Without, in things remote from Your own Nature? Is the courſe of things ſo monſtrouſly chang'd, that a *Living-Creature* deſerving to be eſteemed as *Divine* upon the account of *Reaſon*, ſhould not ſeem unto himſelfe to be ſhining, and Illuſtrious, but by the Poſſeſſion of *things without Life?* And indeed other things are ſatisfyed with what they have in themſelves: but you, Creatures *Made after the Image of* GOD, would fain Adorn Your ſelves being of ſo Excellent a Nature, with the Baſeſt, and Loweſt things; not conſidering how great an Injury ye do to Your Creator. For He would have Mankind to Excel All Earthly things, but ye Advance the very Loweſt of them Above Your own Dignity. For if it be a truth unqueſtionable that what ever is the *Good* of another thing, is more Pretious than that thing, whoſe *Good* it is; ſith ye conceit that ſuch contemptible, and unworthy things are *Your Goods*, ye make your ſelves by your own Judgement to become *Inferiour* to them: and indeed ye deſerve that ſo it ſhould be. For ſuch is the Na-

Nature of Man, that then only he Excells all other Creatures, when he Knowes Himſelfe: but He becomes more Vile than the Beaſts that Periſh, when he ceaſeth to retein this Knowledge. For 'tis but the Nature of other Creatures here upon Earth, Not to Know Themſelves: but in Men 'tis Vice, or the Corruption of their Nature. But how great is your Error, who conceit that any thing can be Adorn'd with Ornaments that are not It's own. That cannot be. For if any thing looke Bright, and Glorious with that which is put on it, that which is put on, is Prayſed: but that which is cover'd therewith nevertheleſs remains in it's own Filth, and vileneſs. I deny that any thing is *Good*, which may become Hurtful to him that Poſſeſſeth it. Am I out in this? No ſurely, thou wilt ſay. But Riches have often been Hurtful to thoſe that have had them, ſith every one that is extreamly Wicked, and ſo the more *Deſirous* of *External things*, as Gold, or Pretious Stones, thinks him only, who hath ſuch things, to be a moſt Worthy Perſon. Thou then who art now ſo ſollicitous, and fearful of the

Spear, and of the Sword, if thou hadſt enter'd into the Path of this Life with an Empty Purſe thou mighteſt Sing in the preſence of a Robber. O Bleſſedneſs of periſhing Riches, which when thou haſt obtein'd thou ceaſeſt to live in Safety!

The Fifth Verse.

Philoſophy commendeth the former age, which was free from covetouſneſs.

" *O the' too happy fathers of old,*
" *Whoſe wealth was the plough, and the fold!*
" *Baſe Luxury ne're could deſtroy 'um,*
" *Whoſe fare could ne're ſurfeit, nor cloy 'um.*
" *An Akorn, or Cheſnut at beſt*
" *With them was an excellent feaſt.*
" *Sack, and Sugar their throats ne'ver knew,*
" *Nor their backs the Tyrian hue.*
" *On th' graſs they found Innocent dreams,*
" *And Nectar in ſweet ſliding ſtreams.*
" *Then th' Pine ſerved only for ſhade,*
" *And not for the Mariners trade.*
" *The Chinoiſe had no traffick with Spain*

" *For*

" *For their trifles as ſtrange, and as vain.*
" *Then men might ſleep whole in their ſkins*
" *Not affrighted with warlike Dins:*
" *And America thought not upon*
" *The greedy, and mercileſs Don:*
" *For who could have thought 'em worth killing,*
" *When they had not one poore ſhilling*
" *To pay for the wounds ſhould be made?*
" Then Warr was a pityful trade.
" *Would God that our Saints, and Wiſe men,*
" *Would be but ſo Holy as Then!*
" *But a Fire more Cruel than Hell,*
" *Love of Wealth, is mixt with our Zele;*
" *Oh, what was their bloudy Zele, who*
" *Sought out the long hidden* Peru,
" *And brought home that dangerous Ore*
" *By the Murther of ſo many ſcore,*
" *To make Pay for the Murthring of more?*

P. G.

The Sixth Prose.

Of dignity and power.

But what ſhall I ſay of Dignities, and Power, which you, being Ignorant of the True Dignity, and Power, do ſo highly Extol? If they fall to the lott of Wicked men, what (*a*) *Ætna* with all the Flames, it belcheth forth; what Deluge that rageth never ſo horribly, did ever make ſo great Deſolation! Verily, as I ſuppoſe thou doſt remember, the Government of *Conſuls*, which was the begining of the *Roman Liberty*, for the Pride of *Conſuls*, your Anceſtors had a deſire to Aboliſh: who for the ſame Pride had formerly Baniſht the Name of *King* out of the City. But if at any time, which is very ſeldome, Good men are inveſted with Power, and Dignities, what is there in them, that may give any Satisfaction, but the Vertue, and Integrity of thoſe that uſe them? Thus it is that Honor doth not accrue to Vertue from Dignities, but to Digni-

(*a*) *A burning hill in Sicily.*

ties

ties from Vertue. But what kind of Power is that which you ſo Prayſe, and Deſire? Do you not conſider, O ye Earthly Creatures, What Your ſelves are, and What they are, whom You are Set over? For if amongſt the *Miſe* thou ſhouldſt ſee one to aſſume to himſelfe a Power over the reſt; wouldeſt thou not break forth into Laughter? But if thou conſidereſt the Body, what canſt thou conceive to be more Weak than Man, whom a *Little Fly* may have ſtrength enough to Deſtroy? And in what reſpect can one Man be ſaid to exerciſe his Force on another, but only in reſpect of the Body, and that which is beneath the Body, I mean, Fortune? what canſt thou Enforce upon a Soule that has Attein'd to it's proper Freedome? canſt thou remove a Mind ſettled upon the Firm Principles of Truth, and Virtue, from the State of Peace, and Tranquillity? When a (*b*) Tyrant thought by Torments to conſtrain a (*c*) *Couragious* Man, to diſcover thoſe who were Privy to a Conſpiracy made againſt him, he bitt off his Tongue, and

(*b*) Nearchus or Diomedon. (*c*) Zeno Eleata. *Vide* Euſeb. lib. 10 de præpar. Evang. & Suidas.

Spit it in the Face of that Cruel Tyrant. Thus did that Wiſe man make thoſe Pains the Opportunity of exerciſing his Fortitude, whereby the Tyrant exercis'd his Cruelty. But what is there, which any one can do againſt another, which he may not ſuffer from another? We have heard how (*c*) *Buſiris* who was wont to Kill Strangers, was Slain by *Hercules*, a Stranger. Many *Carthaginians* had *Regulus* lay'd in Chains: but not long after He's Bound himſelfe by thoſe very men, whom he had formerly Conquer'd. And doſt thou think that ſuch a Man hath any true *Power*, who is not Able ſo to Defend himſelfe, that none ſhall Prevaile againſt him, as he doth againſt others? Moreover if there were any Natural, and Proper *Good* in Dignities, and Powers, they could never be the Portion of Wicked men. For things ſo *Repugnant* will not be *Brought together*. Nature forbids that *Contraries* ſhould be in one, and the ſame *Subject*. Thus, ſith it is unqueſtionable that very often lewd, and Ungodly men have the management of Dignities, 'tis alſo manifeſt

(*c*) *King of Egypt.* (*d*) Marcus Attilius Regulus a *Conſul of Rome*, that

that theſe things are not *Good* in their own Nature, which *Adhere* to Perſons *ſo void of Goodneſs*. Which indeed we may Judge of all the Gifts of Fortune, of which the moſt Wicked men in the World have the greateſt ſhare. Here let us alſo conſider that no man doubteth but that he is *Valiant*, in whom he ſeeth any *Valour*, or *Fortitude*: and 'tis manifeſt that he is *Swift* and *Active*, in whom there is *Swiftneſs*, and *Activity*. Thus *Muſick* makes *Muſicians*, *Phyſick Phyſicians*, *Rhetorick Rhetoricians*. For the Nature of Every thing Acts according to it's *Property*, nor doth it Mix it ſelfe with the Operations of *Contrary things*, and it Drives away whatſoever is *Repugnant* thereunto: But neither can Riches extinguiſh the Deſires of the *Covetous man*; neither can Power make a man Able to Overcome Himſelfe, who is Bound, with the Chains of his luſts. And Dignity confer'd on Perſons of Baſe Inclinations doth not only not make them *Worthy men*, but diſcovers them rather, and ſhewes them to the World, as ſuch who deſerve the greateſt Scorn, and Indignity. You take Pleaſure to call *Things* by Falſe,

and Improper *Names*, which are eaſily confuted by the *Effect* of the *Things* themſelves: Therefore neither can thoſe *Riches*, nor that *Power*, and *Dignity* be Truly ſo Call'd. And we may conclude the ſame of all that comes from Fortune, in which 'tis manifeſt ther's nothing that we ſhould Abſolutely Deſire, nothing of *Native Goodneſs*, ſince it neither Joins it ſelfe allwayes to *Good men*, nor doth it make thoſe *Good*, to whoſe lot it falls.

The SIXTH VERSE.

Philoſophy declareth by the example of Nero, that dignities or power, do not make men better.

HOw did (a) *He waſt with* Fire, *and Sword*
The City, *and the* Senators,
Who to his (b) Brother *could Afford*
No Safety from his Bloudy Force!
Who likewiſe his own (c) Mother *Slew*,

(a) Nero *cauſed Rome to burne for a weeke that he might conceive the overthrow of Troy.* (b) *Britannicus, to reign alone.* (c) *Agrippina.*

And

And in that Horrid Slaughter Joy'd;
He did Her Naked Body View,
And Prays'd the Beauty He Deſtroy'd!
Yet This man did All Nations Sway:
They trembled at his Dreadful Name.
Could NERO'S *Power make him Obey*
His Reaſon, *and his* Fury *Tame?*
O Grievous Fate! Abiſs *of woe!*
What Poyſon *cann't, the* Sword *muſt do!*

The SEVENTH PROSE.

Of glory.

THEN quoth I, Thou knoweſt that I have never been Enſlav'd to the Deſires of periſhing things: but I was Deſirous to have ſome Matter for my Virtue to worke on in Publick Affairs, that it might be made Known to the World. This indeed, ſaith ſhe, is one thing, which ſome Generous Minds, but ſuch as have not yet attein'd to the higheſt pitch of Virtue, may be much taken withall, to wit, the *Glory* or *Fame* that appertains to Perſons that have De-

ſerv'd well of the Common-Wealth: which *Fame*, or *Glory*, how ſmall a thing it is, and of no Importance at all, thou mayſt Underſtand thus: Thou haſt learnt by *Aſtronomical* Demonſtrations that All the Compaſs of the Earth is but as it were a *Point*, or the *Leaſt thing Imaginable* in compariſon of the large Space of the Heavens: that is to ſay, if it be compar'd to the greatneſs of the Celeſtial Globe, it would be judg'd to have no Space at all. And of this ſo ſmall a Region of the World 'tis about the Fourth Part as thou haſt learnt from *Ptolemy*, which is Inhabited by ſuch Creatures, which are known to us. If thou ſhalt ſubſtract from this Fourth Part what the Seas, and *Marriſes* take up, and the utmoſt Extent of the Dry Sands, and Deſarts, there will be left but a very Narrow Space for the Habitations of Men. Being then Encompaſt, and Shut up within the leaſt Part of this Extream Little Part of the *Univerſe*, do you Think of Enlarging your *Fame*, and making your *Name* Great? But what hath that *Glory* of *Amplitude*, and *Magnificence* that is ſtraitned with ſuch Narrow Limits? Moreover I would

would have thee to consider that in the Habitable Part of the World most Nations Differ very much one from another in their *Language*, and in their *Dispositions*, and their whole Kind of Life: so that by reason of the Difficulty of such Journeyes, or Voiages, and the Diversity of Languages, and the want of all Traffick, or Commerce, not only the Fame of Particular Men, but even of Great Cities may never come to some Nations. In the Daies of *Marcus Tullius*, as he himselfe (*a*) somewhere shewes, the Fame of the *Roman Common-Wealth* had not yet past beyond the *Mountain* (*b*) *Caucasus*, and at that time *Rome* was so Great, as to be a Terror even to the (*c*) *Parthians*, and the other Nations thereabout. And dost thou not see then how Narrow, and Strait that Glory is, which you labour to spread, and dilate? Shall the Glory of a *Roman* go thither where the Name of ROME could never arrive? The Manners, and Institutions of Divers Countries do not Agree; so that what with some men deserveth Prayse,

(*a*) In somnio Scipionis. (b) *A mountaine betwixt Scythia and India.* (c) *People of Asia maior.*

with

with others is accounted worthy of the greateſt Puniſhment. Hence it comes to paſs that if any one delight to be Well ſpoken of, it is in no wiſe convenient for him that his Name ſhould be carryed to Many People. Therefore Every man muſt be contented with the Glory that is propagated amongſt thoſe, who are Govern'd by the ſame Lawes with himſelfe: and that Fame, and Laſting Renown, which they call *Immortality*, ſhall be confin'd within the Limits of one Country. But how many Perſons of great Eminency in their Time had their Names Omitted by the *Hiſtorians* of that Age! And what doth it profit a man to be mention'd in *Hiſtories*, which at length together with their Authors fall into Oblivion! But you ſeem to your ſelves to have gotten a kind of *Immortality*, when you think that your Fame ſhall endure in the Generations to come. If thou doſt but compare that Duration to Eternity, thou wilt find that thou haſt no cauſe to rejoyce in the Long Continuance of thy Name. For if we make compariſon of One Moment with Ten Thouſand Years, becauſe both Spaces have

have their Bounds, it carries though but a little yet ſome Proportion therunto. But this Number of Years be it Multiplyed never ſo much, can in no wiſe be compar'd to that Duration, which ſhall never End. For between things *Finite* there is ſome Proportion, but *Infinite*, and *Finite* can never have any. Thus it comes to paſs that the Fame which endures for never ſo long a Time, in compariſon of Eternity, will not only appear to be very little, but as nothing at all. But you care not to Do well, unleſs for the Prayſe of People, and the empty noice of Vulgar Applauſe, and diſregarding the Excellency of your own Conſcience, and Vertue, you expect your Reward from the *Talk* of others. Obſerve how Ingeniouſly a certain man reproves this kind of Folly. For when he ſaw a *conceited* Perſon, that had through vain Glory aſſum'd to himſelfe the Falſe Name of a *Philoſopher*, to be aſſaulted with many ſharpe Contumelies, and Revilings, and he had told him that now he ſhould know him to be a *Philoſopher* indeed, if he would bear thoſe Injuries with Meekneſs, and Patience; For

a little

a little while he tooke on him a kind of Patience, and Boaſting as it were in the Contumelies he had receiv'd; Doſt thou not underſtand at length, ſayth he, that I am a *Philoſopher?* Then replyes the other very Bitingly, I had underſtood it indeed, if thou hadſt held thy peace. But what is Fame to Excellent Men (for of ſuch is our diſcourſe) who ſeeke for Glory in the way of Virtue; what, I ſay, is Fame, or the Glory of this preſent World to them, when their Bodies return to the Duſt? For if Death ſeize on the *Whole Man*, which my Doctrine will not ſuffer you to believe, ther's no ſuch thing, as Glory: ſith he who is ſaid to be the Owner of it, is depriv'd of his Being. But if the Soule that is cleanſed from all Impurity, being deliver'd from this Earthly Priſon, Aſcendeth into Heaven; will ſhe not deſpiſe all that is done here upon Earth, whilſt ſhe, being an Inhabitant of Heaven, rejoyceth that ſhe is Exempted from all Earthly Concerns?

The SEVENTH VERSE.

Of the ſmalneſs and ſhortneſs of fame.

WHoever thinks that Earthly Glory is
The thing that brings true Bliſs:
Let him Contemplate the Large Skye, and ſee
Earths ſmall Capacity:
Sith that ſuch Narrow Space Exceeds his Fame,
Hee'll Bluſh at his Great name.
Why do Proud Men in vain Deſire to be
Free'd from Mortality? (near
Though their Fame paſs through People far, and
And make Whole Nations hear;
And though their Houſe toth' Higheſt Titles riſes,
This Glory Death deſpiſes;
It ſpares not Humble Heads, the Lofty neither;
Layes High, and Low together.
Where lye the Bones now of (a) Fabricius?
Wher's (b) Cato, or (c) Brutus?
Some Letters *after Death preſerve their Fame,*

(a) *A Conſul of Rome, who made warre with* Pirrhus *King of the Epirotes, by whom hee could not be corrupted by bribes, and to whom he ſent one that offered to kill him.* (b) *A noble Romane, whom nothing could corrupt.* (c) *The firſt Conſul of Rome, who revenged* Lucretias *rape.*

That is, Their Empty Name.
But may we Know Men long ſince Dead, and gone
Becauſe thoſe Words are Known?
You *ſurely (turn'd to Duſt) we cannot Know,*
Fame can't your Perſons ſhow.
If you conceit that 'tis a Life *to be*
Mention'd in Hiſtory,
When Time deprives you of the Peoples Breath,
That is a Second Death.

The Eighth Prose.

Adverſity more profitable than proſperity.

But that thou mayſt not think me to be an Irreconcileable Enemy to Fortune, Ther's a Time when ſhe deſerveth well of men, though ſhe be ſo Deceitful. To wit, Then, when ſhe ſhewes Her ſelfe, and diſcovers what Diſpoſition ſhe is of. Perhaps thou doſt not yet underſtand what I mean. That which I vehemently deſire to tell thee is a Wonderful thing, ſo that I have much adoe to fit Words to the Thoughts I have of it. For I Judge that *Adverſe Fortune* is

more

more Profitable for Men, than *Proſperity*. For the one allwayes cheats us with the empty ſhew of Felicity, whilſt ſhe ſeems to be very Kind: the other is allwayes True to us, whilſt by her Change ſhe demonſtrates her Inſtability. The one Deceives, the other Teaches, and Inſtructs us: the one Fetters the Minds of thoſe that Enjoy it with the Allurements of Falſe Goods; the other ſets them at Liberty, by making them to underſtand the Vanity of all Earthly Happineſs. Therefore thou mayſt obſerve that the one is Windy, Looſe, and allwayes void of the Knowledge of her ſelfe: the other is Sober, Strict, and encreaſing in *Prudence*, by the moſt profound Exerciſe of Wiſedome, in the Conqueſt of All *Perturbations*. Laſtly *Proſperity* enticeth men, and drawes them away from the *True Good*: *Adverſity* drawes them back to it, as it were, with an *Hooke*. And doſt thou think this but a ſmall thing that this Sharpe, this Horrible Fortune makes thee Know who are thy Faithful Friends: ſhe hath Diſtinguiſht the Certain, and Doubtful Countenances of thy Companions: At her Departure ſhe

carryed Her own Friends away with her, Thine ſhe hath left with Thee. At how high a rate wouldeſt thou have purchac'd this, when thou ſeemedſt to thy ſelfe to be a Fortunate Man? Ceaſe now to looke any longer after the Riches, thou haſt Loſt: thou haſt found the moſt Pretious Kind of Wealth, *viz.* True Friends.

The EIGHTH VERSE.

Philoſophy praiſeth true love and friendſhip.

THat the World ſo Conſtant is
In Alternate *Variety*,
That ſo many Contraries
Obſerve their League ſo Faithfully,
That the Sweet Day, Queen of Light,
Sol *in his Golden Chariot Drawes*,
And that (*a*) Heſperus *brings Night*,
That Night is Rul'd by (*b*) Phœbes *Lawes*,
That the greedy Sea's reſtrain'd
Leaſt it's proud Waves ſhould ſeiz the Land:

(a) The Evening ſtar. (b) The Moon.

Things

Things thus to each other Chain'd
Are held by LOVES *Almighty Hand*
Who Rules the Heav'ns, Earth, and Seas.
If He let goe the Reins, they run
Straight from the ſafe way of Peace,
And Periſh by Diſſention.
He keeps Men in Unity,
He Joyns in League far Diſtant Lands:
He confirms by Chaſtity
The Sacred Force of Nuptial Bands:
He ſhewes True Friends how to prove
That To Love *is the Greateſt Gain.*
Happy Men, if that ſame LOVE
Which Raigns in Heav'n did in You Raign!

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE *Conſolation of Philoſophy.*

The First Prose.

Philoſophy promiſeth to explicate true felicity.

SHe had now ended her Song, when the Sweetneſs of the Verſe had fixed me in the deepeſt Attention. Therefore after a ſhort pauſe thus I ſpake: O Soveraign Conſolation of wearied Minds, how much haſt thou refreſhed me both with the weight, and importance of the Senſe of this Excellent Song, and the pleaſantneſs of it's *Aire!* ſo that for the future I ſhall not looke on my ſelfe, as one that wanteth ſtrength to grapple

ple with any kind of Fortune. Therefore I am not only not afraid of thoſe Remedies, which thou ſaidſt were ſomewhat more Sharpe, and piercing, but I vehemently deſire that thou wouldeſt impart them unto me. Then quoth ſhe, I Thought ſo, when thou didſt ſo greedily receive my words in ſuch profound Silence, and with ſuch earneſt Attention; and I expected that thou ſhouldeſt have this Temper, and Diſpoſition of Mind, or (which indeed is rather the very truth) I wrought it in thee. Such are the things, that remain to be ſpoken of, that when firſt we do but touch them with our Tongue, they are very Tart, and Biting, but being receiv'd, and ſwallow'd down, they become exceeding Sweet, and Delightſome. But ſince thou ſayſt thou art ſo deſirous to hear what I have to ſay, how wouldeſt thou be Enflam'd if thou didſt underſtand whither I deſign to Conduct thee? Whither quoth I? To True Felicity, ſaid ſhe, which thy Mind apprehends as it were in a *Dream*; but it's Sight being employ'd about *Images*, and *Phantaſms*, it cannot have any clear Proſpect therof. Then

quoth I: Do, I pray thee, as thou haſt ſaid, and ſhew without delay what is that True Felicity. I will do it, quoth ſhe, moſt willingly: but firſt I will lay down in plain words that State, and Condition with which thou art moſt acquainted, that caſting thine Eye the other way, thou mayſt clearly Diſcern the Nature of True Happineſs.

The First Verse.

Falſe felicity muſt be forſaken, that true happineſs may be embraced.

WHoſo will ſow his ground firſt he (free,
That ground from Stons, and Thorns muſt
That Ceres *may*
Find a plain way.
Moſt ſweet's the Hony, that comes next
When Taſts unpleaſant have us vext.
We Joy to ſee the Stars Appear
When Wind, and Rain have left the Aire.
How Lovely is the Youthful Day,
When Lucifer *hath chac'd away*
The diſmal Shades! Thou, whoſe dull Eye
Could

Could never yet True Good descry,
Lift up thine Head: thine Eye-sight shall be clear,
And thou shalt see
That Instantly,
To him that Seeks for Truth, Truth shall Appear.

The Second Prose.

How all men desire happiness, but many mistake it.

THEN with a stedfast Looke, recollecting all her Thoughts into the depth of her Mind thus she began: All the *Care* of Mortals, which is exercis'd in the labour of various Studies, and Designs, Proceeds in Divers wayes; but yet it Tends to One, and the same End, *viz.* to True Happiness. And that is such a GOOD, which when any man hath Attein'd unto, his Desires can go no further. Which indeed is the *Chiefe*, and *Soveraign* of All Good things, and conteineth in itselfe All the Good that is, or ever can be: To which if any thing were wanting, It could not be the *Soveraign* *Good*,

Good, becauſe ſome thing would be left out of it, which might be Wiſht or Deſir'd. 'Tis manifeſt therefore that *Bliſs*, or True Happineſs is a Perfect State conſiſting in the Collection of All Good things into One. This State, as we have ſaid, All men deſire to Attein unto by Divers wayes or Means: For there is Naturally in the Minds of Men a Deſire of the *True Good*, but Error draws them aſide to things that have but the meer Shew, or Appearance of *Good*. Some there are who believing that it is the *Soveraign Good*, to want nothing, endeavour with all their ſtrength to Heap up *Riches*: but others, judging that to be the *Soveraign Good*, which is moſt worthy of *Veneration*, endeavour by the getting of *Honors*, or *Illuſtrious* Titles, to render themſelves *Venerable* to their own Country-men. Others there are that hold the *Soveraign Good* to conſiſt in the Greateſt Power, or Dominion. Theſe men would either *Raign* themſelves, or they endeavour to be Next to Him that holdeth the *Scepter*. And it ſeemeth to others that *Glory*, or *Renown* is the *Soveraign Good*. Theſe make all poſſible ſpeed to get a Glorious Name

Name by the Arts of War, or Peace. But the greateſt Number of men meaſure the Fruit of *Good* by Joy, and Mirth. Theſe think it the moſt Happy State to overflow with Pleaſure. And ſome there are that exchange the Ends, and Cauſes of theſe *Goods* (*viz.* why they Deſire them) one for another: as they, who deſire Riches that they may attein to Power, and Dignities, and have all the Means of enjoying ſuch Carnal Pleaſures, to which they are moſt inclin'd: or they, who would fain be in Power that they may get Money, or a Great Name. To theſe, and ſuch like things is the *Bent*, or *Intention* of Humane Actions and Deſires: Nobility, and the Favour of the People ſeem to procure an *Illuſtrious* Name: A Wife and Children are deſir'd for the Pleaſure, and Delight men hope to receive from them. But as for *Friends*, which are the moſt Sacred kind of *Goods* we do not judge of them as apperteining to *Fortune*, but to *Virtue*. But now 'tis eaſy to apprehend how the *Goods* of the Body are refer'd to the things above mention'd. For Strength, and Greatneſs of Body ſeem to make us capable of the moſt

moſt Manlike Exerciſe; Beauty, and *Activity* bring large Prayſes; Health fits a man for the Pleaſures of the Body. By All theſe things 'tis manifeſt that True Happineſs is that which men Chiefly, and Principally Aim at. For that which every man deſireth before all other things he judgeth to be the *Soveraign Good*. But we have concluded the *Soveraign Good* to be *Bliſs*, or True Happineſs. Wherefore that State, or Condition which every man deſireth before all other things, he judgeth to be his *Bliſs*. Therefore thou haſt now lay'd before thine Eyes allmoſt the whole *Form*, or *Model* of Humane Felicity, *Riches*, *Honors*, *Power*, *Glory*, *Pleaſure*. Which things *Epicurus* conſidering ſeverally, and apart one from another, he judged the *Soveraign Good* to be Pleaſure, becauſe all thoſe other things ſeem to bring Pleaſure, and Delight to the Mind. But I return to the Studies, and Endeavours of men: whoſe Mind notwithſtanding, though their Memory be ſo weake, and dull, ſtrives to regain the Poſſeſſion of the *Soveraign Good*, but it is like a *Drunken man*, who Miſtakes the Path that leadeth

to

to his Houſe. For what, do they ſeem to be in an Error, who would fain Arrive to ſuch a State, that they may no longer ſtand in need of any thing? But there is nothing that ſo much perfects True Happineſs, as the Abundance of All Good things, which wants not any thing foraign, and Extrinſecal to it's own Nature, and is in itſelfe All-Sufficient. Are they miſtaken who judge that the *Chiefe Good* is that, which is moſt Worthy of *Veneration?* In no wiſe. For that is not vile, or contemptible, to obtein which, is the *Aim*, and *Intention* of All Mankind. Is not Power to be reckon'd in the number of Good things? what? is that feeble and without ſtrength, which is unqueſtionably to be prefer'd before All things whatſoever? Is Glory, or Renown nothing-worth? But it cannot be but that whatſoever is moſt Excellent ſhould be alſo moſt Glorious. To what purpoſe ſhould I ſay that True Happineſs cannot be Anxious, or Sad, or Subject to any kind of Sorrowes, and Perplexities; ſith in the leaſt things That is Deſir'd, the Having and Enjoying whereof is Delightſome. For this reaſon

do

do men Deſire Riches, Dignities, Kingdomes, Glory, and Pleaſures, becauſe they believe that by them they ſhall Attein a State Sufficient, Venerable, Powerful, Illuſtrious, and full of Pleaſure, and Delight. 'Tis GOOD therefore which men Aim at in their various Studies, and Deſigns: the Force of Nature we may perceive in this, that although the Opinions of men are ſo various, and Diſagreeing, yet they all Conſent in Chooſing GOOD, as the *End* of their Actions.

The SECOND VERSE.

How nature cannot be wholly changed.

"*HOw the ſtrict Reins, of all things guided are*
"*By powerful Nature, as the chiefeſt cauſe,*
"*And how ſhe keeps with a foreſeeing care*
"*The ſpacious World in order by her lawes,*
"*And to ſure knots, which nothing can unty,*
"*By her ſtrong hand all Earthly motions draws:*
"*To ſhew all this we purpoſe now to try*
"*Our pleaſing Verſes, and our Muſick's ſound.*
"*Although the Lybian Lions often lie*

"*Gentle,*

" *Gentle, and tame in willing fetters bound,*
" *And fearing their incenſed maſters wrath*
" *With patient lookes endure each blow, and wound:*
" *Yet if their jawes they once in blood do bathe,*
" *They gaining courage with fierce noyſe awake*
" *The force, which Nature in them ſeated hath*
" *And from their necks the broken chains do ſhake;*
" *Then he who once thought he had made them tame*
" *Falls the firſt prey unto their raging flame.*
" *The Bird ſhut up in an unpleaſing cage*
" *Which on the lofty Trees did lately ſing,*
" *Though men her want of freedome to aſſwage,*
" *Should unto her with careful labour bring*
" *The ſweeteſt meats, which they can beſt deviſe:*
" *Yet when on tops of houſes fluttering*
" *The pleaſing ſhadowes of the groves ſhe ſpies,*
" *Her hated food ſhe ſcatters with her feet,*
" *And diſcontented to the woods ſhe flies,*
" *And there delights to tune her accents ſweet.*
" *When ſome ſtrong hand doth tender plant conſtrain*
" *With his debaſed top the ground to meete,*
" *If it let goe, the crooked twigg again*
" *Up toward Heav'n ti ſelfe it ſtreight doth raiſe.*
" Phœbus *doth fall into the Weſtern main,*
" *Yet doth he back return by ſecret wayes*
" *And to the Eaſt doth guide his Chariots race.*
" *Each thing a certain courſe, and Lawes obeyes,*
" *Striving to turn back to his proper place;*
" *Nor any ſettled order can be found,*
" *But that which doth within itſelfe embrace*
" *The birthes, and ends of all things in a round.*

The THIRD PROSE.

That true happiness consisteth not in riches.

O Earthly Creatures, ye have some kind of Perceivance of THAT from which you deriv'd your Being, and of the END for which you were Made; though it be very dull, and confus'd as it were in a *Dream*; and therefore the *Aim*, or *Intention* of your Nature leadeth you to the *True Good*, and many Errors carry you out of the way to It. For consider whether those things, by which men think they shall Attein to True Happiness, will ever bring them to the End they design, and propose to themselves. For if Mony, or Honors, and those other things afore mentioned could put us into a Condition, to which no Good thing could seem to be Wanting, we would grant that a man might be Happy by the obteining of those things. If they cannot Performe that which they promise, Wanting many Good things, is it not manifest that they have but the False Shew of Felicity? In the first place

place therefore I aske Thee, who not long ſince didſt abound with Riches: In the midſt of that Abundance didſt thou never feele any Anguiſh, or Diſturbance of mind ariſing from a ſenſe of the Injuries thou didſt ſuffer? I cannot remember, quoth I, that I was ever in ſo comfortable a Condition, but that I had allwayes ſome Trouble, or other. And was it not either becauſe ſomewhat was Wanting, which thou wouldeſt not ſhould be Wanting; or that ſomewhat was Preſent, which thou wouldeſt not ſhould be Preſent? This is the caſe, quoth I. Therefore thou didſt Deſire to Have the one, and to be Free'd from the other. 'Tis confeſt, quoth I. But every man Lacketh that which he Deſireth. He doth ſo, quoth I. But whoſo Lacketh any thing, has he Attein'd to a State of *Sufficiency*? In no wiſe, quoth I. Therefore whilſt thou didſt moſt Abound with Riches, didſt thou ſuſtein this *Inſufficiency*? what elſe, quoth I? Riches therefore cannot bring a man to ſuch a State that he ſhall not ſtand in Need of any thing; and it was this, which they ſeem'd to Promiſe. But I think

that this is moſt worthy of Conſideration; That Mony hath nothing in it's Nature of ſuch Power, and Efficacy, that it may not be taken away from thoſe that Poſſeſs it. I confeſs it, quoth I. How ſhouldſt thou not confeſs it, ſith we ſee it ſo frequently that the Poſſeſſors are depriv'd of their Wealth? For what is the ground of ſo many complaints that are made before the *Judges*, but that men endeavour to regain the Mony that hath been taken from them by Force, or by Fraud? 'Tis ſo, quoth I. Every man therefore, ſaid ſhe, will ſtand in Need of ſome Aid from without, by which he may Poſſeſs his Mony in Safety. That cannot be deny'd, quoth I. But he would have no Need of any ſuch Aid, or Aſſiſtance, if he had no Mony that might be taken from him. That is unqueſtionable, quoth I. The matter then falls out quite contrary to what vain men expect: for thoſe Riches, which were thought to make a man *Sufficient*, render him the more *Neceſſitous*, making him to ſtand in Need of ſuch External Aid, or Aſſiſtance, which otherwiſe he might well be without. But how

how can Riches drive away *Indigence?* Do not Rich men ſuffer *Hunger*, and *Thirſt?* Do not the Limbs of Mony'd men feel *Cold* in the Winter? But Rich men thou wilt ſay have wherewith they may Satisfy their *Hunger*, wherewith they may Eaſe themſelves of *Thirſt*, and *Cold*. But thus they may have ſome Conſolation in their *Indigence*, but they cannot be wholly free'd from it. Wherefore if Wealth cannot remove *Indigence*, and doth in many reſpects encreaſe it, can there be any reaſon that you ſhould believe that all the Riches in the World can produce *Sufficiency?*

The Third Verse.

How riches afflict their poſſeſſours in life, and forſake them in death.

Though he that Loves the World's vain Wealth had All
The Gold that (a) Tagus yields,
And had an Hundred Oxen in his Stall
To Plow his ample Fields:

(a) *A river whoſe ſands are ſayd to be gold.*

Yet whilst he lives Care would Bow down his Head:
Nor would his Wealth Availe him when he's Dead.

The Fourth Prose.

That true happiness consisteth not in dignities.

But Dignities render a man Venerable. Is there that Power, and Efficacy in *Magistracy*, or *Civil Authority*, that it may engraft *Virtue* in the Minds of those that use it, and drive away *Vice*? But it is wont not to drive away *Wickedness*, but rather to make it more conspicuous. Hence it comes to pass, that our Indignation is so often stir'd, to see the most Wicked men invested with Power, and Dignities. For which cause (a) *Catullus* calls (*b*) *Nonius* though sitting in the *Consuls Chair* (STRVMA) an *Impostume*. Seest thou not how great disgrace Dignities bring upon Persons of

(a) *A famous Poet of Verona.* (b) *A wicked Romane his sir name was* Struma *which the Poet wittyly playd upon. Plin. lib. 37. nat. Hist.*

Base,

Baſe, and Unworthy Diſpoſitions? But their Unworthineſs would leſs appear, if they had no Honors to make them *Eminent.* Couldſt thou be ſo wrought on by ſo many Dangers, as to be willing to bear Office with *Decoratus*, when thou didſt diſcover in him the Mind of a Baſe Fellow, and an Accuſer of Honeſt men? But if thou ſhouldſt ſee a man endued with Wiſedome, is it poſſible thou ſhouldſt not think him Worthy either of Reverence, or of the Wiſedome with which he is endued? 'Tis not poſſible. For *Virtue* has *Dignity* of it's own, which it cannot but transfuſe into thoſe, which Join themſelves unto it. Which becauſe Popular Honors cannot perform 'tis manifeſt they have not in them the Beauty of True *Dignity.* This ought to be very much thought on: for if every man be More Abject, and Deſpicable for being Contemn'd by a Greater Number of Perſons, ſith *Dignity* makes not Wicked men Reverend, 'tis manifeſt that Shewing them to More People, it makes them to be More Deſpis'd. But Wicked men are reveng'd on Dignities, by Defiling them with their own Impurities,

by which they are ſo expos'd to Diſgrace. And that thou mayſt acknowledge that True Reverence cannot be obtein'd by theſe Shadowes of Dignity; If any man that has been never ſo often *Conſul* ſhould come amongſt Forraign Nations, would his Honor render him Venerable to thoſe Strange People? But if it did appertain to the Nature of Dignities to make men Reverend or Venerable, they would not ceaſe to perform this Office in any Nation whatſoever. As Fire throughout the whole World never deſiſts from it's Heat. But becauſe this doth not appertain to their Nature, but is faſtned on them by the Falſe Opinion of men, they vaniſh preſently, when they come amongſt thoſe, who do not eſteem them to be Dignities. But this amongſt Forraign Nations. But amongſt thoſe, with whom they have their Begining, do they allwayes Endure? The Office of a *Prætor* was in Times paſt a Great Power, but now it is but an empty Name. In Times paſt he that was to Provide Corn for the People was eſteem'd to be a Great Man. Now what is more contemptible than ſuch an Office? For, as I ſaid a little before,

before, that which hath not any Beauty in it ſelfe, hath ſometimes a kind of *Luſtre*, ſometimes none, according to the Opinion of thoſe that uſe it. If therefore Dignities cannot make men Venerable, if when Wicked men are Inveſted with them, they become Sordid, and Odious; if by the change of Times, they loſe their Splendor; if by the eſtimation of People, they become vile, and nothing-worth; what Beauty is in them that they ſhould be Deſir'd? much leſs have they any to beſtow on others.

The Fourth Verse.

How Nero being moſt wicked, was in greateſt dignity.

Though Nero *vaunt his Royalty*
With Scarlet, and with Pearles Adorn'd,
Yet in his Pompous Luxury
Is He of all men loath'd, and ſcorn'd.
The Conſuls Chairs (*hereby Diſgras'd*) *This man*
So full of Vice had in his own Diſpoſe:
Who then will ever think that Honor *can*
Make Happy, which ſo Vile *a Wretch Beſtowes?*

The Fifth Prose.

Of Kings and their favorites.

But may Kingdomes, and the Favour of Kings make a man Powerful? How not, when their Felicity endures for ever? But *Antiquity* is full of Examples, and ſo is our preſent Age, how the Felicity of Kings has been turn'd into Calamity. O glorious Power, which proves ſo Unable to preſerve itſelf! If the Power of Kingdomes be the Cauſe of Happineſs, doth it not leſſen Felicity, or bring in Miſery, if in any part it be Defective? But although Humane Empires be ſtretcht never ſo wide, Every King muſt acknowledge that there are many Nations without the compaſs of His Dominions. But where that Power can reach no further that makes men Happy, there entreth that Want of Power which makes them Miſerable. Thus Kings of neceſſity have a larger portion of Miſery, than of Felicity. A certain *Tyrant*, that had experienc'd the Danger of his Eſtate, ſet forth

forth the Fears that are incident to Crowns, and Scepters by the Terror of a Sword hanging over a mans Head. What kind of Power then ſhall we account this, which cannot drive away the moſt Biting Care, and Sollicitude, which cannot avoid the continual Prickings of Dread and Horror? They would fain live Securely, but Cannot, and yet they Boaſt of their Power. Doſt thou judge that man to be Powerful, whom thou ſeeſt ſo Unable to do what he would? Doſt thou judge him to be Powerful, who is encompaſt with a Guard? who is continually in fear of thoſe, whom he keeps in Awe? who depends upon his Servants to make him ſeem to be Mighty? For what ſhall I ſay of the *Favourites* of Kings, ſith I ſhew that the State of Kingdomes is ſo weake, and tottering? who ſometimes Fall by the Diſpleaſure of their Kings, ſometimes their Kings, and themſelves are involv'd in the ſame Ruine. *Nero* enforc'd his *Favorite Seneca* from whom he had receiv'd ſo many good Inſtructions, to make choice of his own Death. *Papinianus* who had borne great ſway a long time amongſt the Courtiers *Antoninus*

toninus caus'd to be ſlain with the Swords of his Souldiers. But both theſe men would have relinquiſht their Power: *Seneca* endeavour'd to deliver up all his Riches to *Nero*, and to betake himſelfe to a Retired Life. But whilſt their Fall is haſten'd by their own Weight, neither of them could accompliſh his deſign. What ſhall we ſay then of ſuch Power, as this, of which they are Afraid that have it, and when thou wouldeſt retein it, thou art not Safe, when thou wouldeſt lay it aſide, thou knoweſt not how to be rid of it? Canſt thou expect Safety from ſuch Friends, whom Fortune not Virtue has given thee? But that man whom Proſperity has made a Friend, Adverſity will make an Enemy. And what more pernicious plague can there be, than an Enemy that has gotten into an *Intimacy* with us?

The FIFTH VERSE.

True power consisteth in conquering our owne passions.

HE that will Great, and Powerful be
Let him obtein the Victory
Or'e the Fierce Motions of his Mind,
To Peace, and Gen'rous Love Inclin'd:
And let him Manfully Disdaign
To yield his Neck to Cupids *Chain.*
For though both th' Indies *were His own,*
And All the world Admir'd His Throne,
Yet 'tis not Power, that Cannot Free
The Mind from Black Anxiety
Enlarging it from all Restraints,
And put an end to all Complaints.

The SIXTH PROSE.

That true happines consisteth not in glory.

BUT Glory, many times how Deceitful, and Base is it? so that the *Tragedian* had

had just cause to cry out Ὦ δόξα, δόξα μυρίοισι δὴ βροτῶν οὐδὲν γεγῶσι βίοτον ὤγκωσας μέγαν!

"*O Glory, Glory, thou art such a Cheat* (*Great.*
"*That thousands, who are Nought by thee seem*

For it often comes to pass that Many men get a Great Name only by the False Opinions of the People, than which what can we ever conceive to be more Base, and Despicable? For they who are Praysed without their Desert must needs Blush at their own Prayses. And if their Applause proceed from their Merits, yet what can it Add to the Conscience of a Wise man, who measures not *his Good* by the Rumour of the People, but by the soundness, and Integrity of his own Conscience? If it seem a Brave thing to Spread, and Enlarge a mans Name; it followes that it must be judg'd a Base thing not to Enlarge it. But sith, as I said a little before, there must needs be Many Nations, which the Fame of one man can never Extend unto, it comes to pass that he whom thou esteemest to be Glorious, in regard of the greatest part of the Earth, is Obscure, and Inglorious. Amongst these things

things I do not think the Favour of the People worthy to be mention'd, which neither proceeds from Judgement, nor ever becomes Firm, and unalterable. And now who does not ſee that the Name of Nobility is vain, and inſignificant? which if ye refer to Glory, or Renown, it muſt be conſider'd that it is *not Thine own.* For Nobility ſeems to be nothing elſe but the *Prayſe of Anceſtors procur'd by their Merits.* If it be Prayſe that makes Renown, or an *Illuſtrious Name*, they muſt needs have the Renown, who are the Perſons Prayſed. Wherefore the Renown of Others make Thee not *Illuſtrious*, if thou ſhineſt not with the Brightneſs of any Merit of Thine own. If there be any *Good* in Nobility, I judge it to be only this, that it ſeems "*There is a Neceſſity* "*impos'd upon thoſe that are Nobly Born not to* "*Degenerate from the Virtue of their Anceſtors.*

The

The SIXTH VERSE.

How all, but wicked men, are noble.

ALl Sorts of Men from the ſame Stock ariſe,
All things have One Original:
The Lord of Lords, who Dwells Above the Skies,
Did make them, and Preſerves them All.
Thoſe Beams, wherewith the Sun hath ever Shin'd,
He gave, and on the Moon conſers
Thoſe ſplendid Horns: and to the Earth Mankind
He gave, to th' Firmament the Stars.
He did ſhut up within theſe Clods of Earth
The Soules, which He brought from on High.
We ſee then that All Men derive their Birth
From th' Only True NOBILITY.
Why do you Boaſt of your Large Pedigree?
If men conſider whence they came,
That their Deſcent *is from the* Deity,
None ought to ſuffer the leaſt ſhame,
As if he were Ignobly Born, ſith All
May boldly Call
GOD Father, *but thoſe, who Deny*
That He is ſo By their Impiety.

The Seventh Prose.

That true happineſs conſiſteth not in pleaſure.

But what ſhall I ſay of the Pleaſures of the Body, the Deſire whereof is full of Anxiety, the Full-filling of ſuch Deſire brings the greateſt Anguiſh, and Remorſe? what Grievous Diſeaſes, what intolerable Pains do thoſe Pleaſures bring to the Bodies of thoſe that enjoy them, as the Fruit of their Iniquity! What Joy may be had in ſuch Motions, as they call Pleaſures, I know not. But whoſoever will remember *Luxurious*, and *Diſſolute* Practices, ſhall underſtand that the Iſſues, and Events of ſuch impure Delectations are very Sad, and deplorable. If ſuch Motions of the Body could be the cauſe of Happineſs, there is no reaſon, why Beaſts alſo might not be ſaid to be Happy; ſith their main *Bent*, and *Intention* is to ſatisfy the Appetite of the Body. The Delight that ariſeth from the Enjoyment of Wife and Children is indeed a moſt

a moſt Honeſt, and commendable thing: but it hath been ſaid that a certain man, I know not who, found it was Natural to his Sons to * Beat their *Father*. How Biting, and vexatious the condition of Children is for the moſt part, thou haſt need to be Admoniſht; ſith thou haſt not had Experience thereof, neither art thou at this time in any Anxiety upon that account. I approve the Judgement of my *Euripides*, who ſaid that he who hath no Children is Happy in his Misfortune.

Vide * Ariſtotelis Eth. c. *L.* 8. *C.* 6.

The Seventh Verse.

That there is no pleaſure without paine.

This 'tis, that Senſual Pleaſures *do*
They make men Joy in their own Woe,
And like the Bee, *that ſoon takes wing,*
Whoever ſucks their Sweets, *they* Sting,
And fill the Heart with Pains, that laſt,
When all thoſe fooliſh Joyes are paſt.

The

The Eigth Prose.

How all temporal goods are mixed with evil, and are ſmall in themſelves.

IT cannot be doubted then, but that Theſe are not the right wayes to True Happineſs, neither can they bring any man thither, whither they promiſe to bring him at laſt. But with what Miſchiefs they abound I ſhall ſhew thee in a few words. For what! wilt thou endeavour to gather Riches? thou muſt take them from him that hath them. Art thou Deſirous of Dignities? thou muſt make *Supplication* to ſuch a one, who can Beſtow them; and thou who ſtriveſt to go before others in Honor, wilt become Vile, and contemptible by ſhewing thyſelfe to be a Perſon of ſo *Low a Spirit* as to *Beg for it.* Is it Power, that thou wouldeſt have? By the Treacheries of thoſe whom thou keepſt in Awe thou ſhalt be expos'd to many Dangers. Is it Glory that thou Aimeſt at? thou ſhalt be hurried through all manner of Hardſhips, and ne-

ver be in Safety. wouldst thou lead a Voluptuous life? but who does not scorn, and despise one, that is a Slave to that most vile, and fraile thing, the Body? they that boast of the Goods of the Body, how small, how weak a Possession do they rely on? Can ye ever be Greater, than *Elephants*, Stronger than *Bulls?* Swifter than *Tygers?* Behold the large Space, the Firmness, or Durability, the Swiftness of the Heavens, and cease at length to Admire things so vile, and contemptible. Which Heavens are not rather to be Admir'd for those qualities, than for the Rule, and Method by which they are Govern'd. As for Beauty how vain and transitory is it, how swiftly doth it pass away, more Fading than Flowers in the Spring! If, as *Aristotle* saith, Men could see with Eyes of a (a) *Lynx*, and their Sight could pierce through all Obstacles, would not that Body of (b) *Alcibiades*, whose Outside appears so Beautiful, it's Bowels being lookt into, be found to be no other, than a most Filthy thing? 'Tis not therefore thy

(a) *The beast Lynx hath the quickest sight of any beast. Plin. lib. 32. Hist. nat. cap. 8.* (b) *A noble Captaine of Athens.*

Na-

Nature; but the Infirmity of the Eyes of those that looke on thee, which render thee so Beautiful in the Sight of men. But esteem the Goods of the Body, as highly, as ye list, so that ye consider that whatsoever ye Admire may by a *Fiery Feaver* within a Day, or two, be dissolv'd, and turn'd into *Ashes*. From all that has been said we may collect thus much: That those *Goods*, which can neither performe what they Promise, nor are Perfect by the gathering-together of All that is *Good*, do neither make a man Truly Happy, nor any way Conduce to True Happiness.

The Eigth Verse.

How men are wise in seeking for things of little value, and foolish in finding out their soveraigne good.

Ah, wretched Blindness! which thus makes Mankind
The Right way to decline!
Gold, or Rich Gemms, you do not hope to find
On Trees, or on the Vine:
On Mountains high you do not lay your Snares

That you may Fiſhes take:
Nor when you would perſue the Roes, and Hares,
Go you to th' Tyrrhene Lake.
They Know the Crekes, and Windings of the Sea,
Where Purple does abound,
Or Pearls: they Know what of Kind Fiſhes may
On ev'ry Coaſt be found.
But whilſt they See not what would Feed their Soules
This Blindneſs they endure,
And that which is Beyond the Starry Poles
From Earth they would procure.
What ſhall I wiſh to ſuch Deluded Men?
Rich, Honor'd let them be,
And when Falſe Goods *they have Heap'd up, even then*
The True Good *let them See.*

The NINTH PROSE.

Why true felicity cannot conſiſt in temporal things.

HItherto I have been giving thee a Deſcription of Falſe Happineſs: it followes that I ſhould now declare unto thee wherin the Nature of True Happineſs properly conſiſts. I ſee plainly, quoth I, that Sufficiency may not be gotten by Riches, nor

nor Power by Kingdomes, nor Reverence by Dignities, nor True Renown by Glory, or Popular Applauſe, nor True Joy by Tranſitory Pleaſures. And haſt thou found out the Cauſe, quoth ſhe, why it is ſo? Indeed, quoth I, I have a Glimpſe of it, but I would fain that thou ſhouldeſt give me a clear ſight of it. The Reaſon is very eaſy to be known. For that which in it's own Nature is *Simple*, and *Undivided*, the *Error* of Men has Divided into ſundry Parts, and withdrawes their Mind from that which is True, and Perfect to that which is Falſe, and Imperfect. Can that, thinkeſt thou, which hath Need of nothing, Want Power? No ſurely, quoth I. Right, quoth ſhe: for if there be any thing, which in any reſpect failes in it's Ability, in that reſpect it hath Need of the Aſſiſtance of ſome other thing. 'Tis ſo, ſaid I. Therefore the Nature of Power, and of Sufficiency is One, and the Same. But doſt thou think that what includes Sufficiency, and Power in it's own Nature may be Deſpis'd? or that on the contrary it deſerves the greateſt Veneration? This, quoth I, cannot be doubted.

Let us Add therefore Reverence, or Veneration to Sufficiency and Power, that we may judge theſe Three things to be One. We muſt do ſo, if we confeſs the very truth. What then? quoth ſhe: doſt thou ſuppoſe that It is Obſcure, and Ignoble, or that It ſhines with the Brightneſs of the greateſt Glory? Conſider whether to that which hath Need of nothing, which is moſt Powerful, which is moſt Worthy of Honor, as has been prov'd, Glory can be Wanting, which it not being able to give unto it ſelfe, it may ſeem in ſome reſpect to be poore, and deſpicable? I cannot but confeſs, quoth I, that it is moſt Glorious. It followes then that True Glory, or Renown does not Differ from the things above mention'd. It followes indeed, quoth I. This then, quoth ſhe, which hath Need of nothing, which Can do All things by it's own Strength, which is Venerable, and Renowned, ye muſt grant alſo to be full of Joy, and Durable Pleaſure. I cannot imagine, quoth I, how any Sadneſs, or Diſcomfort ſhould ever get entrance into It. Wherefore if the former Poſitions remain firm, we muſt of neceſſity confeſs

confeſs that it cannot but Abound with all manner of Joy. And this alſo neceſſarily followes from what has been ſaid, that the Names of Sufficiency, Power, Veneration, Glory, Joy, are indeed Divers, but they do not Differ in their Subſtance, or Nature. Right, quoth I. This therefore which in it's own Nature is *One*, *Simple*, and *Undivided*, the *Perverſeneſs* of Men Divides into ſundry Parts, (as hath been ſaid) and whilſt they endeavour to get a Part of That, which hath no Parts, they neither obtein any Portion thereof, for there is no ſuch thing, nor That *One*, *Simple*, and *Indiviſible it ſelfe*, which they do not in any wiſe Affect, or Endeavour after. How is that, quoth I? Whoſo deſireth Riches through an Averſneſs to Want, or Penury, takes no care how to become Powerful: he chooſeth to be Vile, and Obſcure, and deprives himſelfe of many Natural Pleaſures, that he may not loſe the Mony he hath gotten. But thus he failes of the Sufficiency he Aims at, being void of all Power, encompaſt with many Troubles, Obſcure, and Inglorious. But he that deſireth Power above al things ſcat-

tereth his Riches, deſpiſeth Pleaſures, and accounteth that Honor, and Glory, that is not accompanied with Power to be nothing-worth. Thou canſt not but ſee that many things are wanting to this man. For ſometimes it comes to paſs that he wants Neceſſaries, that he ſuffers much Anxiety, and diſturbance of mind: and whilſt he is not able to put off his troubles, and vexations, 'tis manifeſt that he has not the Power, which he ſo much eſteems. We may Reaſon in like manner concerning Honors, Glory, Pleaſures. For ſith Every one of Theſe is the Same with the other, whoſoever endeavours to get one of Them, without the other, miſſeth even that, which he deſireth. But what, quoth I, If any man ſhould deſire to have All of Them together? Such a man indeed would fain have That wherin the True Felicity doth conſiſt: but ſhall he ever find it in thoſe things, which we have demonſtrated to be unable to perform what they promiſe? No ſurely, quoth I. Then, quoth ſhe, True Felicity is not to be ſought in thoſe things, which men believe to contribute Severally to the ſatisfaction

ſtion of our various Deſires. I grant it, quoth I, and a greater truth could never have been ſpoken. Thou haſt then the Deſcription of Falſe Happineſs, and the Cauſes of it. Looke now on the other ſide; for there thou ſhalt ſee the only True Happineſs, as I have promis'd thee. Verily quoth I, it may eaſily be ſeen, and thou didſt ſhew it a little before, whilſt thou didſt open the Cauſes of that, which men Falſely call Happineſs. For, if I am not miſtaken, that is the True, and Perfect Happineſs which makes a man Perfectly *Sufficient*, *Powerful*, *Venerable*, *Renowned*, *Joyful*. And that thou mayſt underſtand that I have a deep Apprehenſion of the Truth, thou haſt deliver'd, what One of Theſe, ſith they are All One, and the Same, has the Power verily, and indeed to give unto us, I certainly know to be this Full, and Perfect Happineſs. O my Dear Child, quoth ſhe, Happy art thou in thy Judgement, if thou add this there unto! what, quoth I? Doſt thou think that any of theſe fraile, and periſhing things can bring a man to this Eſtate? No ſurely, quoth I, and

as

as for that matter what we are to think thou haſt ſo demonſtrated, that there needs no more to be ſaid. Theſe things therefore ſeem to be but Shadowes of the *True Good*, or to give certain Imperfect *Goods* to men in this Mortal Life: but they cannot beſtow the *True, and Perfect Good.* I heartily Aſſent, quoth I, to what thou ſayſt. Sith then thou art come to the Knowledge of True Happineſs, and of ſuch things which Deceive the World with the empty ſhew of it, now it remains that thou ſhouldſt Underſtand How thou mayſt Attein to this True Happineſs. That is the thing, quoth I, which I moſt earneſly expect to hear from thee. But, ſaith ſhe, as our *Plato* hath declar'd in his Booke entitled *Timæus*, Even in things of the leaſt Importance the Divine Aſſiſtance ought to be Implor'd, what doſt thou think ſhould be done now, that we may become Fit to find the Seat of the *Soveraign Good?* We muſt Invoke the Father of All things, quoth I; unleſs we make our Addreſſes unto Him, no Undertaking can Begin well. Right, quoth ſhe, and forthwith thus ſhe Sings:

The

The NINTH VERSE.

Philosophy craveth Gods assistance for the discovery of true happiness.

O Thou, who dost with Boundless Wisedome hold
The World in Order, didst th' Foundation lay
Of Heav'n, and Earth, at whose Command Time Rowl'd
In Circles *from* One Everlasting Day,
And who, Unmov'd dost cause All things to Move;
Whom no External Cause could urge to Frame
These Various Shapes of Changing things, but LOVE
And Boundless GOOD, *Fit for this Boundless* FLAME.
From that Fair Model in thy Mind thou drawst
The Formes of All things Made. ——
O Father, Grant our Thoughts may reach thy Throne,
Grant we the Fountain of All Good may See,
Grant that, this Blisful Light to us once shown,
We may For ever Fix our Eyes on Thee.
Scatter this Darkness, and these Clogs remove,
And let thy Beams Appear. For Thou art LIGHT,
Thou art True Rest to those that do Thee Love,
Begining, End, both Way, and Guide: the Sight
Of Thee is All thy Creatures can Desire:
'Tis This Alone, to which our Soules Aspire.

The

The Tenth Prose.

That there is ſome true happineſs, and where it is to be found.

Sith therefore thou haſt had a Deſcription of Imperfect and alſo of Perfect Good: it is fit that I ſhould now demonſtrate where the Perfection of Felicity is Seated. And here we muſt firſt make Inquiry, if there Be any ſuch Good, as that which thou didſt even now Define, leaſt we ſhould be Deceiv'd with a vain Imagination, there Being indeed no ſuch thing, as that which we make the Subject of our Diſcourſe. But that it doth Exiſt, or is *Actually* in Being, and that it is the Fountain, from whence All good things do flow, this is certain, and unqueſtionable. For whatſoever is ſaid to be Imperfect, by Diminution of that which is Perfect it is call'd Imperfect. So it comes to paſs that if there be any thing Imperfect in it's Kind, in the ſame Kind there muſt needs be ſomething Perfect. For if ye take away Perfection, it

it cannot be conceiv'd from whence that which we call Imperfect ſhould have Deriv'd it's Being. For the Nature of things tooke not it's Begining from that which is in any reſpect Faulty, or Defective, but proceeding from that which is Sound, and Free from all Imperfection, it deſcends at length to theſe Low, and Weak things. If there be a certain Imperfect Happineſs, as we have already ſhown, it cannot be doubted but that there is an Happineſs Entire, and Perfect. This Concluſion, quoth I, is Firm, and Irrefragable. But where It's Abode is, Think with thy ſelfe thus. That GOD, who hath the Governance of All things is Good, this is Natural to the Minds of Men to conceive. For it is impoſſible that our Thoughts ſhould fix upon any thing Better than GOD: and who can doubt but ſuch a Being is Good, which nothing can ſurpaſs in Goodneſs? but ſo doth Reaſon demonſtrate GOD to be Good, that it doth alſo evince the Perfection of Goodneſs to be in Him. For unleſs He were Such a one He could never have the Governance of All things. For ſome thing, that hath the

Per-

Perfection of Goodneſs; would be more Excellent, than He, in as much as it would be found to have the Priority of Being. For it is manifeſt that All Perfect things have their Being Before thoſe things, which are Unſound, and Imperfect. Wherefore that we may not be endleſs in our Reaſoning, it muſt be Granted that the Moſt High GOD is Full of the Higheſt, and Perfect Good. But we have Concluded that Perfect Good is *Eliſs*, or True Happineſs. Therefore it muſt needs follow that True Happineſs is no where to be found but in the Moſt High GOD. I heartily Aſſent, quoth I, to what thou ſayſt, neither is it capable of any Contradiction. But, I pray thee, quoth ſhe, ſee how thou mayſt prove ſoundly, and Irrefragably that the Moſt High GOD is Full of the Higheſt, or *Soveraign Good*. How, quoth I? Thou mayſt not ſuppoſe that this Father of All things hath Receiv'd that *Soveraign Good*, of which he is ſaid to be Full, from without, or that he has It by Nature in ſuch a manner, that thou mayſt think that the *Subſtance*, or *Eſſence* of GOD Having;

and

and of the *Soveraign Good* Had, is not the Same. For if thou doſt conceit that It is Receiv'd from without, thou mayſt judge That which hath given, to be more Excellent than He which hath Receiv'd It. But we moſt worthily Confeſs Him to be the Moſt Excellent of All things. And if this *Soveraign Good* be in Him by Nature, but may be conceiv'd to be not altogether the Same with Him, ſith we ſpeak of Him, who is Acknowledg'd to have the Governance of All things, let any man Imagine, who it was that Join'd together theſe Divers things? Laſtly that which Differs from any thing Is not That thing, from which it Differs. Wherefore That which Differs in *Subſtance*, or *Eſſence* from *Soveraign Good* Is not *Soveraign Good:* And 'tis the greateſt Impiety to have ſuch a Thought of GOD, than Whom there can be nothing more Excellent. For it is impoſſible that the Nature of any thing ſhould be Better than That from which it Receiv'd its Being. Wherefore That from which *All things* Receiv'd their Being I may firmly Conclude to be in its own *Nature* the *Soveraign Good.* 'Tis

moſt

moſt certainly ſo, quoth I, as thou ſayſt. But it has been Granted that the *Soveraign Good* is True Happineſs. Very right, quoth I. Therefore, quoth ſhe, it muſt needs follow that GOD is True Happineſs. There can be no Reaſon, quoth I, to Deny the *Premiſes*, and I clearly perceive that this is their true, and proper *Conſequence*. See, quoth ſhe, if the ſame thing may not be more firmly prov'd by this Argument, that there cannot be *Two Soveraign Goods*, Differing one from the other. For 'tis manifeſt that One of thoſe *Goods*, which are Different from each other, cannot be That, which the Other is: for which cauſe Neither of them can be Perfect, ſith One is Wanting to the Other. But that which is not Perfect cannot be *Higheſt* or *Soveraign*. The things then that are *Soveraignly Good* cannot be Different from each other. But we have prov'd that both True Happineſs, and GOD are the *Soveraign Good*: wherefore it muſt needs follow that *Soveraign Happineſs*, and *Soveraign Divinity* is One, and the ſame Thing. Nothing, ſaid I, could ever be concluded more True, as to the

Matter; more Firm, as to the way of Proving it; or more becomming the Divine Majesty. Upon these things then, quoth she, as *Geometricians* having Demonstrated their Propositions, are wont to inferr certain πόρισματα, or *Corollaries*, as they call them, so shall I give thee a *Corollarie*. For sith Men become Happy by the acquiring of True Happiness; and True Happiness is *Divinity it selfe*, 'tis manifest that they become Happy by the acquiring of *Divinity*. But as Men become Just by the acquiring of Justice, Wise by the acquiring Wisedome, so it must needs be that having gotten, or acquir'd *Divinity*, they become *Gods*. Every one then that is *Truly Happy is a God*: but indeed by Nature there is but *One God*; yet nothing hinders but that there may be very Many by the *Participation of Divinity*. And this, quoth I, is a Fair, and Pretious *Corollarie* indeed. But there is nothing more Fair than That which Reason perswades should be Annext to the things that have been spoken. What is that, quoth I? Sith True Happiness, said she, contains Many things, whether All these things make up

One Body with a certain variety of Parts, or whether there be any one of them, which compleats the Subſtance, or Nature of True Happineſs, the reſt being refer'd Therunto? I would thou ſtouldſt explain what thou ſayſt by rehearſing thoſe ſeveral things. Do we not judge True Happineſs, quoth ſhe, to be *Good?* yea, ſaid I, the *Soverain Good.* Add this, ſaid ſhe, to All the reſt of the things aforemention'd. For the ſame *Bliſs* or True Happineſs is judg'd to be *Soveraign Sufficiency*, *Soveraign Power*, and alſo *Veneration*, *Renown*, and *Pleaſure*, or *Delight Soveraign.* What then? Are All theſe things as ſo many Limbs, or Parts of True Happineſs, or are they refer'd to *Good*, as That, wherein the Nature of them All is contein'd? I underſtand now, quoth I, what thou doſt propoſe, as the ſubject of our Inquiry, but I would fain know how thou doſt Determine the Queſtion. Thus. If All theſe things were as ſo many Parts of True Happineſs, they would Differ one from the other. For this is the Nature of Parts, that being Divers they make up One, and the Same Body.

But

But it hath been already prov'd that they are All but One thing. Ther's no doubt of that, quoth I, But I expect what thou wilt say next. This is manifest quoth she, that All those other things are refer'd to *Good*. For therefore is *Sufficiency* Desir'd, because it is judg'd to be *Good*, for the same Cause is Power Desir'd, and so Veneration, Renown, Delight. 'Tis *Good* then, which is the Cause, For which any thing is Desir'd: sith that which retains not any thing in it selfe either *Really*, or *Apparently Good*, can in no wise be Desir'd. And on the contrary those things, which are not *Good* in their own Nature, yet if they Seem to be so, are Desir'd, as if they were *Truly Good*. Whence it comes to pass that *Goodness* is rightly judg'd to be the Cause, why any thing should be Desir'd. But that For which any thing is Desir'd is the Chief Object of the Desire. As if a man have a Will to Ride For his Health, 'tis not so much the Riding, as Health that he Desires. Sith therefore that All things are Desir'd For the obteining of *Good*, *Good* is the Chief, or Principal Object of all Desires whatsoever. But it

has been granted that True Happineſs is That, For which any thing is Wiſht, or Deſir'd: wherefore it is evident that True Happineſs is the Only thing Requir'd, or Sought after. And thus it cannot be Deny'd, that the Subſtance, or Nature of *Good*, and of True Happineſs is One, and the Same. I ſee not how it is poſſible for any man to Diſſent from this. But we have prov'd that GOD, and True Happineſs is One, and the Same thing. Right, quoth I. Therefore we may Safely Conclude that the Nature of GOD conſiſts in GOODNESS, and in Nothing elſe.

The TENTH VERSE.

Philoſophy exhorteth men to embrace true happineſs.

COme hither All, yee wearied Soules,
Whoſe high Aſpires baſe Luſt controules,
And holds you faſt in her dire Chains.
Here is a Cure for All your Pains,
Here doth the Safeſt Harbour lye,

A Refuge from All Miſery.
Not Tagus, *which abounds with Gold,*
Nor All that (a) Hermus's *Banks do hold*
Of that Bright Metall, nor Rich Inde,
Where men ſuch Pretious Stones may find,
Can Clear our Sight: yea they add more
Darkneſs to Soules made Blind before.
That, wherewith Men are Raviſhed
Earth in her loweſt Caverns bred.
The Brightneſs that's Above the Skye,
From Darkſome, Ruin'd Soules doth fly.
Whoe're perceives this Light, He ſayes,
"Phæbus *lookes Dull with all his Rayes.*

(a) *A river in Lydia.*

The Eleventh Prose.

That goodneſs is the end of all things.

I Aſſent, quoth I. For All theſe things hang one to another by a chain of the ſtrongeſt Reaſons, that were ever produc'd. Then ſaid She, At how great a rate wouldeſt thou value it, if thou couldeſt know what

Goodneſs is? At an Infinite rate, ſaid I: for thereby I ſhall know GOD alſo, who is *Goodneſs it ſelfe*, or *Soveraign Good.* But this I ſhall ſhew thee with the greateſt evidence, only let thoſe things remain as Granted, which have been Concluded already. They ſhall ſo remain, ſaid I. Have we not prov'd, ſaid ſhe, that thoſe things, which are Deſir'd by the Generality of men, are not *Truly*, *and Perfectly Good*, becauſe they Differ one from the other, and ſith eace of them is Wanting to the other, that they cannot produce *Full*, *and Abſolute Good?* But that then they become *True Good*, when they are collected as it were into *One Form*, *and Efficiency*, ſo that what Sufficiency is, the Same is Power, Veneration, Renown, Delight; and unleſs they are One, and the Same thing, that they have nothing in them, for which they may be numbred amongſt things that are to be Deſir'd? It has been plainly Demonſtrated, quoth I, neither can it be Doubted in the leaſt. Is it not by the acquiring of *Unity* that thoſe things become *Good* which are in no wiſe *Good*, whilſt they Differ, but become

come *Good*, when they are *United?* So it ſeemeth, quoth I. But doſt thou grant that whatſoever is *Good*, is *Good* by the Participation of the *Soveraign Good?* I grant it. Thou oughteſt therefore to grant likewiſe that ONE, and GOOD is the Same. For the Nature of thoſe things is the Same, whoſe Natural Effect is not Divers. I cannot Deny it, quoth I. And doſt thou know, ſaid ſhe, that whatſoever is, does remain, and Subſiſt, ſo long, as it is One; but that it Periſheth, and is diſſolv'd, as ſoon as it ceaſeth to be One? How is that? As in *Animals*, or *Senſitive Creatures*, whilſt the Soule, and the Body remain together, we call it a *Senſitive Creature.* But when this Unity is diſſolv'd by the ſeperation of one from the other, 'tis manifeſt that it loſeth the Being of a *Senſitive Creature.* And our very Body, whilſt it remains in One Shape by the Conjunction of it's Limbs reteins the Reſemblance of a Man. But if the Parts of the Body be Diſunited it ceaſeth to be what it was before. And in like manner Every other thing will be found to Subſiſt, or remain in Being ſo long, as it is

One: but when it ceaſeth to be One, it Periſheth. I cannot think but that it muſt needs be ſo. And is there any thing, quoth ſhe, which ſo far as it Acts according to Nature, can ceaſe from all Inclination to retein it's Being, and become Deſirous of it's own Deſtruction? If, quoth I, I conſider *Animals*, or *Senſitive Creatures* either *Rational* or *meerly Senſitive*, which in ſome ſort may be ſaid to Will, or to be Unwilling, I find not any thing, which (unleſs it be conſtrain'd from without) leaves the Deſire to continue it's Being, and of it's own Accord Haſtens to Deſtruction. For Every *Senſitive Creature* labours to keep it ſelfe in Safety, and does all that it can to avoid Deſtruction. But I know not what I ſhall think of *Herbs*, and *Trees*, and of things neither *Senſitive*, nor *Vegetative*. But, quoth ſhe, neither is there any reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt doubt of this, ſith thou mayſt behold *Herbs*, and *Trees* to grow firſt in Places moſt convenient for them, where they may not dye away, as long, as their Nature is capable of any further Subſiſtence. For ſome ſpring up in Fields, ſome

on

on Mountains, ſome the Mariſhes bring fourth, ſome grow on Rocks, ſome are produc'd by the Barren Sands, which if any man endeavour to tranſplant in other Places, they will wither, and dye away. But Nature gives to All things that which is convenient for them, and takes care that they may not Periſh, whilſt they have any Poſſibility to Subſiſt. Do not all *Herbs* and *Trees* thruſting their Mouthes as it were into the Earth draw Nouriſhment by their Rootes, and diffuſe their Strength, and Rinde through their Pith, or Marrow? Does not every ſuch Part, which is moſt ſoft, and tender, as the Pith, lye hid in the inmoſt ſeat, but without it is cover'd with that which is firm, and ſolid; but the outmoſt Part of all is the Rinde, which is ſeated there to be a defenſe againſt the Violence both of the Sun, and of the Wind? And thou ſeeſt how careful, and diligent Nature is that All things may be propagated by the Multiplication of Seed. Which things have theſe Engines, as we may call them, not only to preſerve their Being for a time, but to make their Duration, as to

their

their ſeveral Kinds, Perpetual. And do not thoſe things likewiſe which are thought to be neither *Senſitive*, nor *Vegetative*, Deſire that, which Properly belongs to them? For why doth *Lightneſs* carry up the Flames, and the Earth is preſt down by it's Weight, but that theſe Places, and Motions Properly belong to each of them? That which is Agreeable to any thing preſerves it's Being, as thoſe things, which are Contrary therunto, deſtroy, and Corrupt it. Thoſe things, which are Hard, as Stones, cleave faſt to their Parts, ſo that it is very Difficult to Divide them. But *Liquid* things as *Aire*, and *Water*, yield preſently to the Impreſſions of that which would Divide them, but (that which kept them aſunder being remov'd) they inſtantly return into thoſe things, from which they are Seperated. We treat not now of the *Voluntary* Motions of a *Knowing* Soule, but of the *Natural Intention*. Thus we *Digeſt* the Food, we receive, though we think not of it; thus we draw our Breath, whilſt we Sleep, though we Know it not. For even in *Living-Creatures* the Love they have

to

to their own Being does not proceed from the *Animal Inclinations* of their Soules, but from the Principles of Nature. For it is often seen (great causes constraining thereunto) that a mans *Will*, or *Rational Appetite* Embraceth Death it selfe which Nature Abhors: And on the contrary That by which alone the Kinds of Mortal things are Perpetuated, to wit, the Worke of Generation, which Nature allwayes Desires, the Will very often most earnestly Refrains from. Thus the Love which things have to Themselves doth not proceed from their *Animal Motion*, but their *Natural Intention*. For Providence hath given this even the greatest cause of preserving their Being, that they Naturally Desire to Subsist, as long, as 'tis Possible. Wherefore there is no reason thou shouldst doubt in the least, that All things that are, do Naturally Desire to retain their Being, to avoid Destruction, I confess, quoth I, that I do now most clearly perceive those things, which awhile since seem'd very Uncertain. But that, said she, which Desireth to Subsist, and continue in Being, it Desireth to be One. For

if

if this (Being One) were taken away, no *Eſſenſe* could remain to any thing whatſoever. 'Tis true, quoth I. All things therefore Deſire ONE. I conſent. But we have Demonſtrated that ONE, and GOOD is the Same. You have ſo. All things therefore have a *Natual Propenſity* to GOOD: which indeed thou mayſt thus Deſcribe: *Good is That, which All things Deſire.* A greater Truth, quoth I, could never be conceiv'd. For either All things are refer'd to Nothing, and being deſtitute of One Head they waver to, and fro without a Ruler to keep them in their due Courſe, or if there be any thing, which the *Univerſe*, and every Part therof has a *Natural Propinſity* unto, that muſt needs be the *Chiefeſt*, or *Soveraign* of all things, which are rightly term'd *Good.* O my Child, quoth ſhe, how do I Rejoyce to hear theſe words! for by them I clearly perceive that thy Mind has Receiv'd a full Impreſſion of the very Truth: but in what thou haſt now ſaid that is moſt evidently imply'd, which but a little before thou didſt tell me thou waſt Ignorant of. What quoth I? What is the

END

END of All things. For certainly it is That, which All things Desire: which because we have found to be GOOD, we must of necessity confess that GOOD is the END of All things.

The Eleventh Verse.

How we may atteln to the knowledge of truth.

He that would Search out Truth with Care Profound,
And fain would Fix Allwayes upon Sure Ground,
The Rayes of's Inmost Sight let him Turn in
Upon Himselfe: let him Revolve, and Spin
His Thoughts to th' Utmost Length: And let his Mind
Know this, that she Within Herselfe may Find
Whate're she Seekes Without: That which did lye
In a Thick Cloud of Error shall outvye
The Sun in Brightness: For the Minds clear Light
The Darksome Flesh has not Extinguisht quite.
Ther's sure some Seed of Truth lies deep within
Which soon springs up by Solid Discipline:
For how could you such speedy Answears give,
But that the Truth, though Hid, does in you Live.
If it be so, as Plato's *Muse Defin'd,*
Whate're we Learn we do but Call to Mind.

The

The Twelfth Prose.

How the world is governed by God.

THEN said I, I do most heartily Assent to *Plato* in this matter: for this is the Second time that thou hast call'd me to the Remembrance of these things. First when I lost my *Memory* by the Contagion of the Body, and then by the Dullness, and Stupidity which my Mind had contracted being oppress't with such a weight of Immoderate Sorrow. Then she spake thus: If thou lookest back to the things that have been already Granted, it will not be long before thou shalt come to the Remembrance of that, which awhile since thou saydst that thou hadst no Knowledge of. What quoth I? By what *Rule*, said she, is the World Govern'd? I remember, quoth I, that I did confess my Ignorance of this: but though I do in a manner foresee what thou art about to say, yet I desire to hear it for my further Instruction. Thou didst diliver thine Opinion, said she, but a little before, that

that it could not be doubted in the leaſt but that the World is Govern'd by GOD. Yea, quoth I, and I am of the ſame mind now, and ever ſhall be that this is moſt certain, and unqueſtionable: and by what Reaſons I am induc'd to this Judgement, I ſhall declare in a few words. This World conſiſting of ſo Divers, and Contrary Parts could never have been brought into One Forme, if there were not ONE who did Join together ſuch Divers things. And the Diverſity of their Natures, which are ſo Repugnant to one another, would Seperate, and Diſunite them being Join'd together, if there were not ONE, who did Hold together the things, which He has United. For the Courſe of Nature could not proceed in ſuch certain, and never fayling Order, neither could it make ſuch a ſhew of well-diſpoſed Motions, by Places, Times, Efficiency, or Operation, Spaces, Qualities, if there were not ONE, who Being Himſelfe Immutable did Order, and Diſpoſe this Variety of Changes. This (ONE) whatever it is, on which All things Depend both as to their *Being*, and *Motion*, I Call GOD, which

which is a Word us'd by All People. Then ſpake ſhe thus: Sith thou haſt ſo deep a Senſe of theſe things, I ſuppoſe the remaining Part of my Labour is not great, to bring thee Safe into Thine own Country, where thou ſhalt Enjoy the only True, and Perfect Happineſs. But let us Reflect on thoſe things, which we have already Diſcuſt. Have we not Agreed upon this that Sufficiency is included in the Nature of True Happineſs: And that GOD is True Happineſs it ſelfe. And therefore, quoth ſhe, He will not Need any Helps, or Inſtruments from Without to Govern the World; for if He had Need of any thing He could not have Full, and Perfect Happineſs. It muſt be ſo, quoth I, as thou ſayſt. Therefore By Himſelfe Alone He Governs, and Diſpoſes All things. It cannot be deny'd, quoth I. But it has been prov'd that GOD is the *Soveraign Good*. I know it has, quoth I. By the *Soveraign Good* then He Diſpoſes, and Governs All things, ſith He Governs All things By Himſelfe, whom we have Acknowledg'd to be the *Soveraign Good*, and He is as it were a cer-

certain *Rule*, and *Method* of Government, whereby the Whole World is kept in Order. I moſt heartily Aſſent, quoth I: and a little before I did foreſee what thou waſt about to ſay, though ſomewhat darkly. I believe it, quoth ſhe; for now, as I conceive, Thine Eyes are more Open to diſcern the Truth. But what I ſhall now ſay is no leſs perſpicuous. What, quoth I? Sith GOD, ſaid ſhe, is rightly believ'd to Govern All things By the Rule of GOODNESS, and All things, as I have taught, have a Natural *Bent*, or *Intention* to GOOD, can it be doubted but that they are Govern'd, as they Would themſelves, and being *Made* to Comply with their Governour, All the Motions they have according to the *Propenſity* of their Nature are no other, than the Reſults of that Complyance. So it muſt needs be, quoth I: neither could it be thought an Happy Government, if it were the *Yoke* of things Refractory, not the *Safety* of things Tractable, and Obedient. There is Nothing then, which, following the Courſe of Nature, can Endeavour to go Contrary

to GOD. Nothing, ſaid I. If any thing ſhould Endeavour it, quoth ſhe, would it ever Prevaile againſt Him, whom we have granted by the Right of True Happineſs to be Almighty? Nothing, quoth I, could ever in the leaſt Prevaile againſt Him. Then, quoth ſhe, there is not *any thing in Nature*, which hath either the Will, or the Power to Reſiſt the *Soveraign Good*. No ſurely, as I conceive. Then, ſaid ſhe, That is the *Soveraign Good*, which Powerfully Governeth, and Sweetly Diſpoſeth All things. Then ſaid I: How am I Delighted not only with the main Scope, and Drift of thine Arguments, but even with the very words that thou uſeſt, that at length Prating Folly may be Abaſht, and put to Silence. Thou haſt heard, quoth ſhe, in (*a*) Old Stories how the Gyants endeavour'd to Invade Heaven, but even they, as it was moſt meet, were thrown down by Benign Fortitude. But wilt thou that we ſtrike Arguments one againſt another, perhaps out of ſuch a Conflict ſome bright Sparke

(*a*) Ovid Lib. 2. Metamor. & Macrob. Lib. 3. Saturnal.

of

of Truth will ſpring forth. Do as thou think-eſt fit, ſay'd I. No man, ſaid ſhe, can ever doubt but that GOD is Almighty. No man, ſaid I, that is in his right wits. But there is Nothing, which He that is Almighty hath not a Power to Do. Nothing, ſaid I. What hath GOD a Power then to Do EVIL? No ſurely, EVIL then, quoth ſhe, is Nothing, *viz.* Hath not any *Proper Being* or *Nature*, ſith He who Can Do All things, Cannot Do EVIL. Doſt thou ſport with me, ſaid I, making an In-extricable Labyrinth with the ſubtle wayes of Thine Argumentation, Entring now, where thou didſt Go forth, and then Going forth, where thou didſt Enter; or doſt thou by theſe Intricate Reaſonings ſhew that there is a Wonderful Circle in the Divine Simplicity? For a little before beginning with True Happineſs, thou didſt affirm it to be the Higheſt, or *Soveraign Good*, which thou ſaydſt was plac'd in the Moſt High GOD: And thou didſt Prove that GOD is this *Soveraign Good*, and the one-ly True, and Perfect Happineſs: then thou gaveſt me this, as a Token of thy Bounty,

That no man is Truly Happy, but therewith he muſt be a GOD. Again thou didſt aſſert that the very *Form of Good* is the Nature of GOD, and of True Happineſs: and thou didſt ſhew that ONE is the very GOOD, which All things Naturally Deſire: thou didſt alſo Demonſtrate that GOD Governeth the Univerſe By the *Rule* of GOODNESS, and that All things are Willingly Subject unto Him, and that EVIL hath not any *Nature* Properly ſo call'd: And theſe things thou didſt evince by ſuch Arguments, wherof there were none Extrinſecal to the Matter in hand, but one drawing Aſſent by the Connexion it hath with another, all of them being founded in the Subject of our Diſcourſe. Then ſpake ſhe thus: We do not Sport, but we have perform'd a Taske of the greateſt Importance, by the Gracious Aſſiſtance of GOD, whoſe Name we did Invoke. For ſuch is the *Form* of the Divine Subſtance, that It neither falls into the Condition of things Without, nor doth It admit any thing Without to come into the ſame State with It ſelfe; but, as *Parmenides* ſaith,

Πάντηθεν εὐκύκλε σφαίρας ἐναλίγκιον ὄγκῳ,

It wheeles-about the Movable Circle of things, whilſt It preſerves It ſelfe in a State Immovable. And if we have us'd ſuch Arguments which were not fetcht from without, but lie within the compaſs of the Matter, of which we did Treat, there is no cauſe that thou ſhouldſt Admire, ſith thou haſt receiv'd it from the Teſtimony of *Plato*, that Words ſhould be A-kin to the Things, of which we Diſcourſe.

The Twelfth Verse.

Philoſophy exhorteth to perſeverance in contemplation and vertue.

O ever Bleſt is He
Who once hath learnt to See
The Fountain of All Good:
Bleſt He, who hath withſtood
The Earth, and now obteins
True Freedome from her Chains.
When (a) Orpheus's *Wife was gone*

(a) A Thracian Poet.

To th' Shades how did he Groan!
When he had made the Trees
To Dance in Companies
Whilſt Doleful Notes he Play'd;
When he had Rivers made
To ſtand ſtill: and the Hind
His ſide to th' Lion Join'd,
And Fear'd no Harm: the Hare
Did alſo ceaſe to Fear
The Dog, by Muſick Tam'd:
When His Breaſt was Enflam'd
With all the Fires of Love;
Nor could thoſe Soft Notes Move
Their Lord, and Mitigate
The Senſe of his Hard Fate,
Which all things elſe or'ecame,
And did their Fierceneſs Tame,
He ſayes Gods are Cruel,
And down he goes to Hell.
There fits he words to ſounding Strings,
Whate're his Mother Taught he Sings.
He Sings in Doleful Strains
His own Hearts conſtant Pains,
And Grief-encreaſing Love:
Thus Orpheus *Hell doth Move,*
And doth ſweet Prayers repeat,

And

And thoſe Dark Powers entreat.
Now (b) Cerberus *doth gaze,*
New Songs do Him amaze;
The Furies *now ſhed Tears:*
The (c) *Wheele* Ixion *ſtyares:*
And (d) Tantalus *the Stream*
Forgets, and minds the Theme
Of Orpheus's *Mournful Song:*
That Rav'nous Bird *that hung*
On wretched (e) Tityus, *drawes*
The Liver *with his Clawes*
No longer now, whilſt he
Feeds on ſweet Melodie.
At length Hells cruel Lord
Some Pity doth afford,
We Vanquiſht are, quoth He,
Let this Mans Wife go free,
From us he hath Her won
With his Melodious *Song:*
But only let Her go
On this Condition, ſo
That he ne're turn his Eye

(b) *A three-headed Dog, Porter of Hell.* (c) *With which he is tormented in hell for attempting to commit adultery with Juno.* (d) *Who killed his own ſon to entertaine the Gods, and therefore is tormented with hunger and thirſt.* (e) *Who would have committed adultery with Latona.*

Till he ſee the Bright Skye.
" *But Lovers ne're were kept in Awe:*
" *Love to Himſelfe's the greateſt Law.*
Alas, when he had paſt
Hells deepeſt wayes, at laſt
Orpheus *can't chooſe but See*
His Dear (*f*) Euridice:
But that one Looke did coſt
Her Life: ſhe's ever loſt:
Well may he now Deplore,
He ne're ſhall ſee Her more.
To you belongs this Tale,
Who fain would leave the Vale
Of Conſtant Night, and find
The Day-Light of the Mind.
For he that will Looke back
To Hell, and his Pace ſlack,
Whatever Good he choſe
This ſight doth make him Loſe.

(*f*) Orpheus's Wife.

The

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE *Conſolation of Philoſophy.*

The First Prose.

Boetius merveileth at the impunity and proſperity of evil men.

WHEN Philoſophy had moſt ſweetly warbled out this Song, reteining all the while a Grave, and Venerable Countenance, then I, labouring ſtill under a great Diſtemper of mind, interrupted her, as ſhe was about to ſay ſomewhat elſe. And, O, ſaid I, thoſe things, which thy Speech bringing in the True Light, hath hitherto poured forth, appear to be no other than *Divine*, being Seen as they are in themſelves

ſelves; and Irrefragable, as Demonſtrated by Thine Arguments: and ſuch are thoſe things, which thou haſt told me that though my Anxious reſentments of the Injuries I have receiv'd did lately put them out of my *Remembrance*, yet I was not wholly *Ignorant* of them. But this is the greateſt cauſe of the Perplexity I am in, that whereas the Governour of All things is *Good*, *Evils* ſhould either be at all or that they ſhould paſs without their due Puniſhment. How much Admiration this one thing deſerves, I am Sure thou doſt well conſider. But ther's a greater matter than this, that is joyned with it; for whilſt Wickedneſs flouriſheth, and bears the ſway, Vertue doth not only want it's Reward, but is trodden under foot by Baſe, and ungodly men, and in the place of Villany ſuffers the moſt grievous Puniſhment. That ſuch Tranſactions ſhould be in His Kingdome who Knoweth All things, who Can Do All things, and Willeth nothing but what is *Juſt*, and *Good*, no man can ſufficiently either Admire, or Complain. Then ſaid ſhe: And indeed this would be a matter of infinite Aſtoniſh-

ment,

ment, and more horrible than all Monſters. if, as thou doſt conceit, in the well-order'd Houſe of ſo great a Maſter, Veſſels of no worth ſhould be moſt carefully looke after, and the Pretious be neglected, and ſuffer'd to lye in the Dirt: but it is not ſo. For if thoſe things, which were concluded a little before be Fixt in thy Mind, thou ſhalt Underſtand by His Inſtructions, whoſe Kingdome we ſpeak of, That Good men are allwayes Powerful, and Evil men are allwayes Weak, and Contemptible; and that Vices are allwayes Puniſht, Vertues are allwayes Rewarded; that All things that happen to Good men, are Good for them, but that Miſchiefs allwayes betide the Wicked; and many things of this nature, which will allay all thy Complaints, and eſtabliſh thy Mind in the moſt firm, and ſolid Apprehenſions of Truth, and Goodneſs. And ſith I have already ſhewn thee, wherin True Happineſs doth conſiſt, and thou haſt learnt in Whom it is to be found, all things being run over, which I think neceſſary to promiſe, I ſhall ſhew thee the way that leadeth to Thine Houſe. And I

ſhall

ſhall faſten Wings to thy Soule, by which ſhe may raiſe her ſelfe on high, that all Perturbations, and Diſorderly Thoughts being done away, with theſe Wings, by my Conduct, in my Path, thou mayſt be Carryed Safe into Thine own Country.

The First Verse.

How Philoſophy bringeth men to the contemplation of God.

For I have nimble Wings that ſoare
Above the Starry Skyes,
Which when the Mind puts on, no more
Will ſhe Earth's Treaſures prize.
Beyond the Clouds ſhe doth Aſpire,
'Boue th' Aire ſhe bends Her Force,
And ſo tranſcends the Lofty Fire
Stir'd by the Heav'ns Swift Courſe.
Then ſhe Aſcends the Starry Plain,
And runs with Phœbus *bright:*
Or follows th' Tract of the Old Swain, *

* Saturn.

And

And to His joyns Her Light.
And whereſoe're the Night lookes Clear,
She runs among the Stars,
And when her fill ſhe' hath taken here,
She goes beyond Heav'ns Bars,
And on the Top of Æther Treads,
The Fields of Awful Light.
Here Sits He o're Imperial Heads,
Who guides the World aright,
Who Unmov'd Rules the nimble Sun;
Whoſe Power doth All things ſway:
If hither thou wilt come anon,
Recov'ring thy Loſt Way,
I well remember't thou wilt ſay,
This is my Country Dear,
Hence I came, I'll ſtay Here.
And if thou ſhalt be pleas'd to ſee
This Darkned World agen,
Thou wilt find that ſtern Tyrants be
Themſelves but Baniſht Men.

The SECOND PROSE.

That good men are powerful; and evil men weake.

THEN ſaid I, O, how Great things doſt thou Promiſe! which I doubt not but thou art Able to Performe. But ſee thou do not ſlacken and coole him, whom thou haſt excited, and enflam'd. In the firſt place then thou mayſt eaſily underſtand that *Good men* are allwayes Powerful, that the *Wicked* are void of all Power: of which Aſſertions one is prov'd by the other. For ſith *Good*, and *Evill* are Contraries, if it be manifeſt that *Good* is Powerful, 'tis no leſs evident that *Evill* is Feeble, and Impotent: but if the Frailty of *Evill* be made to appear, the Strength and Firmneſs of *Good* cannot but be known likewiſe. That the Truth of that I ſay may be moſt clearly and abundantly demonſtrated, I ſhall go ſometimes this way, and ſometimes that, in the purſuit of the Matter, I have undertaken to treat of. There are Two things, wherin

wherin all the Effect of Humane Actions doth consist, to wit, Will, and Power, of which if one be wanting nothing can be Done. For if the *Will* faile, no man Attempteth any thing: but if *Power* be wanting, 'tis in vain to will any thing. So that if thou seest any man Willing to Get that, which he does not Get, thou canst not doubt, but that he wanteth the Ability to Obtein what he would have. 'Tis as clear, as the Sun, quoth I. But canst thou doubt but that he had *Power*, whom thou seest to have *Effected* what he *Will'd*, and *Design'd*? No. But what any man is Able to do, in that he is Powerful: but what he is not Able to do, in that he is judg'd to be Feeble, and Impotent. I confess it, quoth I. Dost thou not Remember, quoth she, that it has been already Prov'd, that All the *Bent*, or *Intention* of the Will of Man, which is exercis'd in Divers Studies, and Endeavours, tends unto True Happiness? I well Remember, quoth I, that This has been Demonstrated. Dost thou Remember that True Happiness is the *Soveraign Good*, so that sith True Happiness is sought for by

All

All men, *Good* muſt needs be Deſir'd by them? I cannot be ſaid to Remember it, quoth I, becauſe it is never out of my Mind. Have All men therefore *Good*, and *Bad* one Intention, *viz.* To Attein to the Poſſeſſion of GOOD? It muſt needs follow, quoth I. But it is moſt certain that by getting of GOOD, Men become *Good*. 'Tis certain. Do *Good men* therefore get that, which they Deſire? So it ſeems. But *Evill* men, if they could get the *Good*, that they Deſire would ceaſe to be *Evill*. 'Tis true. Sith therefore Both ſorts of Men Deſire *Good*, but ſome Attein therunto, others come ſhort of it, it cannot be doubted but that *Good men* are Powerful; but they that are *Wicked* are Feeble, and Impotent. Whoever doubts of this, ſaid ſhe, is neither capable of conſidering the Nature of Things, nor the Conſequence of Reaſons. Moreover ſaid ſhe: If there be Two perſons, who have one Purpoſe, or Deſign to Perform that which their Nature requires: and one of them Performs his Intention; but the other is not Able to execute that Natural Office, but takes ſome ſuch courſe,

which

which is not Agreeable to Nature, whereby he doth not Accompliſh his Purpoſe, but Imitates one that doth Accompliſh it: whether of theſe Two doſt thou judge to be the more Able man? Though I conjecture, ſaid I, what thou wouldeſt be at, yet I deſire thou wouldeſt ſpeak it out more plainly. Wilt thou deny, ſaid ſhe, that to Go is a Motion Natural to men? No, ſaid I. And doſt thou doubt that 'tis Natural to the Feet to perform that Office? Neither can I deny that. If any one then ſhould Go on his Feet, and another, who wants this Natural Office of Feet, ſhould endeavour to Go on his Hands, who of theſe might be rightly judg'd to be the more *Able* man? Proceed, ſaid I, for it is unqueſtionable, that he who has a Power to perform thoſe Actions, which Nature requires, has more Strength than he, who is not Able ſo to do. But the *Soveraign Good*, which All men Aim at, *Good*, and *Bad*, *Good men* Attein unto by the Natural Office of Virtues: but the *Wicked* earneſtly endeavour after this very *Good* by gratifying their various Luſts, and unruly Affections, which is not the Office

that Nature requires us to perform, that we may Attein to the *True Good.* Doſt thou think otherwiſe? No ſurely, ſaid I: the Conſequence alſo is very clear. For from what I have granted, it muſt of neceſſity follow that *Good men* are Powerful, that *Wicked men* are altogether Feeble, and Impotent. Thou doſt well, quoth ſhe, thus to run before me; and this, as *Phyſitians* are wont to hope, is a ſign that Nature gathers Strength, and begins to reſiſt the Diſeaſe. But becauſe I perceive thee to be ſo Quick of Apprehenſion, I ſhall be ſure to ply thee with Arguments. See how Weak are all Vitious Perſons, who cannot ſo much as Attein to That, to which their Natural Intention leads, and in a manner compels them. And what? if they were left deſtitute of this great, and almoſt irreſiſtable Aſſiſtance of Nature encouraging, and directing them? but conſider, I ſay, how great Impotency lewd, wicked men labour under. For the things they ſeek for, but are not able to obtein are of no ſmall moment: but indeed they faile in that matter, which is the Chiefeſt of All their Concerns;

cerns, they miſs the fruits of all the Toyle, and hard labour they undergo night, and day: in which the Strength of *Good men* may eaſily be ſeen. For as thou wouldeſt judge Him to be a Moſt Able *Foot-man*, who Going on his Feet, ſhould be Able to come at length to that Place, Beyond which 'tis impoſſible that any one ſhould Go: ſo thou muſt of neceſſity judge Him, who hath Attein'd to that GOOD, Beyond which 'tis impoſſible that any one ſhould extend his Deſires, to be a Perſon Abſolutely Accompliſht with the Greateſt Strength, or Ability. From whence it is moſt evident that whoſoever are Wicked, the ſame are deſtitute of all manner of Strength. For why do they leave Virtue, and follow Vice? is it becauſe they are Ignorant of the True Good? but what is more Feeble than Ignorance, or *Spiritual Blindneſs?* Do they Know what they ſhould follow, and endeavour after, but their Luſts draw them aſide ſome other way? thus they appear to be moſt Feeble Creatures, who are ſo Unable to Reſiſt their Vitious Inclinations. Do they Knowingly, and Willfully forſake that

which is Good, and turn to the way of Vice? But if ſo, they do not only ceaſe to *be* Powerful, but they wholly relinquiſh their True, and Proper *Being*. For they who thus forſake the common End of All things that are, ceaſe alſo to have *their Being*. Which perhaps will ſeem to ſome to be very ſtrange, that we ſhould ſay that *Evill*, or *Wicked men*, which are by far the greateſt Number, ſhould ceaſe to *Be*. But ſo it is for certain. For thoſe, who are *Evill men*, I do not deny to be *Evill men*: but I deny that they may Purely, and Simply be ſaid be be *Men*. For as thou mayſt ſay that a *Carcaſs* is a *Dead Man*, but thou mayſt not call it Simply, and Abſolutely a *Man*: ſo I ſhall grant that thoſe, who are Addicted to Vice, are *Evill men*, but I cannot acknowledge Abſolutely that they are *Men*. For that *Is*, or hath it's True, and Proper Being, which reteins Order, and preſerves it's Nature: from which whatſoever doth revolt, it relinquiſheth it's Proper Being, which lyeth in it's Nature. But *Evill men* thou wilt ſay have ſome kind of Power: neither ſhall I deny it; but this their Power does

does not proceed from Strength, but Imbecillity: For they have the Power to *Do Evill*, which they would not have, if they had the *Effectual Power* of *Doing Good*. Which Poſſibility doth plainly ſhew that they have not any Power, Truly, and Properly ſo call'd. For if *Evill* have not any *Proper Being*, or *Nature*, as we prov'd a little before, ſith Wicked men have only the Power to Do *Evill*, 'tis manifeſt that they have no True Power. It cannot be deny'd. And that thou mayſt better underſtand what kind of Power this is, we have determin'd a little before that ther's nothing more Powerful than the *Soveraign Good*. I know thou haſt, ſaid I. But the Same (*Soveraign Good*) Cannot Do that which is *Evill*. No ſurely. Will any one conceit, ſaid ſhe, that Men Can Do All things? None, but ſuch a one, who is out of his wits. But they Can Do *Evill*. Would to God, ſaid I, they had no ſuch Power. Sith therefore He that Can Do nothing, but that which is *Good*, Can do All things; but they Cannot Do All things, who Can Do *Evill*, 'tis manifeſt that their Power is the leſs in as much as

they are Able to Do *Evill.* Add hereunto that All True Power is in the number of things that are to be Desir'd, and we have prov'd that All things to be Desir'd are refer'd to *Good*, as to that wherin their Perfection doth consist. But the Possibility of Performing a Wicked Action Cannot be refer'd to *Good:* therefore it is not to be Desir'd. But all True Power is to be Desir'd. 'Tis manifest therefore that the Possibility of Doing *Evill* is no True Power. Hence it appears that *Good men* are allwayes Powerful, that *Wicked men* are most Feeble, and Impotent. And the Truth of that Saying of *Plato* cannot be doubted. " *That Wise* " *men onely Do what they Desire, but that* " *the Wicked Exercise their Lusts, but are* " *never Able to Accomplish their Desires.* For they Do whatsoever their Lusts prompt them unto, whilst by those Courses, wherby they gratifie their Sensual Inclinations, they hope to Attein to that *Good* which they Desire; but they never Attein therunto, for 'tis impossible that Villany should Approach to True Happiness.

The

The Segond Verse.

Kings are not potent, if they be passionate.

THose Tyrants, which thou seest on High
Thrones, Cloath'd with Robes of Majesty,
Their Guards Encompassing their Seats,
Whilst all their Lookes are Silent Threats,
Their Proud Hearts swoln with causeless Ire;
If they were stript of their Attire,
Of their False Shewes of Majesty,
These Sov'raign Lords a man might see
To be themselves fast Bound with Chains,
That vex them with incessant Pains.
Dire Lechery (that Smiles, *and* Kills*)*
Their Cups with Sweet Wine Poyson'd fills:
Wrath makes a Tempest in the Soule,
Unruly Thoughts, like Billowes, roule:
Sometimes they sink in deep Despair,
Sometimes Hope throwes them here, and there.
Thou seest how such Fierce Tyrants be
Enslav'd unto the Tyranny
Of Many Lords: what they would, they can't do:
But where those Lords command, there must they go.

The Third Proſe.

That good men are not without reward, nor evil without puniſhments.

SEest thou then what Filth all Villany walloweth in, and how great a Splendor there is in True Virtue, and Integrity? In this it plainly appears that *Good men* are allwayes Rewarded, *Evill men* are allwayes Tormented. For that, for which any Action is Perform'd, ſeemeth to be the Reward of that ſame Performance: as a *Crown*, or *Garland*, for which a man Runs, is propos'd as a Reward to him that Runs a Race. But we have prov'd Happineſs is that very GOOD for which All Actions are Perform'd: That GOOD therefore is the common Reward that is propos'd to All Humane Actions. But This cannot be kept from *Good men.* For he may not any longer be called a *Good man*, who is not Partaker of this *Soveraign Good.* Let the Wicked then Rage, a Wiſe, and Virtuous man keeps on his Crown, and it Fadeth not away. For the

the Iniquity of Other men can never deprive a Pious Soule of it's Proper Ornament. If he did Rejoyce in what he hath Receiv'd from Without, this any other man, even he, who confer'd it on him, might deprive him of. But ſith it is confer'd on him by that *Goodneſs*, which is Within himſelfe, he will never want his Reward, as long, as he continues to be *Good*. Laſtly ſith every Reward is therefore Deſir'd becauſe it is believ'd to be *Good*, who will ever judge that he who Poſſeſſeth the *True Good* can miſs his Reward? But what is this Reward? certainly the Faireſt, and Greateſt of All Rewards. Remember the *Corollary* which I gave thee but a little before, and gather in the full Proofe of what I have ſaid thus: Sith the Soveraign Good is True Happines, 'tis manifeſt that All Good men even in this that they are *Good* do become Truly Happy. But it has been concluded that thoſe, who are Truly Happy are Gods. Such therefore is the Reward of *Good men*, which ſhall not be worn out by the longeſt Time, nor diminiſht by any mans Power, nor defil'd by any mans Iniquity, *viz. To become Gods.*

And

And ſith theſe things are ſo, what Wiſe man can ever doubt of the Pains, and Anxieties that are implyed in the nature of All Wicked Actions. For ſith *Good*, and *Evill*, *Puniſhment*, and *Reward* are Oppoſite, it muſt needs be that whatſoever we ſee in the Reward of *Good*, that which is directly Contrary therunto may be ſeen in the *Puniſhment* of *Evill*. As Virtue therefore is the Reward of the Virtuous, ſo Vice and Impurity is the Torment of the Wicked. But now whoſoever ſuffers *Puniſhment* doubts not but that he is oppreſt with *Evill*. If therefore they would rightly Judge of themſelves, could it ſeem to them that they are free from Trouble, and Vexation, whom Wickedneſs the greateſt of all *Evils* doth not only oppreſs, but Pierce through, ſeizing, and Perverting all their Faculties? But Obſerve what Pains, and Anxieties attend the Wicked, in oppoſition to what we have ſaid of the True Pleaſure, and Satisfaction of thoſe that are ſincerely, and firmly Poſſeſt of True Goodneſs, and Virtue. For thou haſt been taught a little before, that whatſoever Is, or hath any Proper

per Being, is One, and that ONE is GOOD. The Conſequenceof which is this, whatſoever hath any *Proper Being*, that alſo is *Good*. And thus whatſoever failes to be *Good*, ceaſeth to *Be*: whence it is manifeſt that *Evill men* ceaſe to *Be*, what they Were. But that they were Men is ſhown by the Shape of an Humane Body, which ſtill remains. Wherefore the Temper of their Minds being Chang'd into ſuch *Evill* Diſpoſitions they have loſt the True Nature of *Man*. But ſith *Goodneſs*, and *Piety* only can Advance any one beyond the Condition of *Men*, it muſt needs be that thoſe whom Wickedneſs hath Degraded from their *Humanity*, ſhould fall beneath the Merit, or Dignity of a *Rational Creature*. Therefore whomſoever thou ſeeſt Transform'd by Vice, thou mayſt not any longer Eſteem him, as a *Man*. Doſt thou ſee any one to commit *Rapine*, being Enflam'd with the Love of Riches? thou mayſt ſay that he is a *Wolfe*. Is any one Fierce, and Unquiet, exerciſing his Tongue perpetually in Brauls, and Contentious ſpeeches? thou mayſt compare him to a *Dog*. If he delight in ſub-

ſubtle Cheats, and Wiles, thou mayſt compare him to a *Fox.* Is he unable to ſuppreſs his Anger, breaking forth into the greateſt *Fury* upon the leaſt provocation? let him be Judg'd to have the Soule of a *Lion.* Is he exceeding Timorous, and ready to Flye, where there is not the leaſt cauſe of any Fear? let him be liken'd to the *Hart.* Is he Dull, and Slothful? he leads the Life of an *Aſs.* Is he light, and Inconſtant, allwayes changing his Reſolutions? he is like the *Foules* of the *Aire.* Does he Wallow in the *Mire* of Filthy Luſts? he is taken with the Pleaſure of a Dirty *Sow.* Thus it comes to paſs that whoſoever having deſerted all True Goodneſs, and Piety ceaſeth to be a *Man*, ſith he cannot Attein to the *Divine* Condition, he is turned into a *Beaſt.*

The THIRD VERSE.

That vices are of greater force, than enchantments.

ULyſſes *with his Friends Arrives*
Unto the Iſle, where Circe *Dwelt:*
With Cups Enchanted ſhe receives
Her Gueſts, whoſe Power they quickly felt.
This Man is chang'd into a Bore:
A Lions Shape another takes:
A third, when he would fain Deplore
Theſe Changes, his own Shape forſakes.
And now he doth not Weep, *but* Howle:
One's Chang'd into a Tygreſs *mild,*
Such, as the Indians *do Controule,*
As though 'twere not by nature Wild.
But Mercury *commiſerates*
Ulyſſes, *and him ſaves from harme:*
Though for him alſo Circe *waits*
To plague him with her direful Charme.
Yet thoſe that Sailed with Him ſup
The Dregs of Her Enchanted Cup.
The New-Made Swine their Akorns Eat,
Eſtranged now from Their own Kind,

In

In Voice, in Body, and in Meat,
In all things elſe, except the Mind,
Which for this Monſtrous Change doth Grieve:
O feeble Charme, which though it can
Make Humane Shape the Shape receive
Of Beaſt, it cannot Change the Man.
The Life, and Vigor of Mankind
Is Inward in the Heav'n-born Mind.
This Poiſon (Vice) is ſtronger far;
Man of Himſelfe It quite deprives;
Although the Outward Man It ſpare
Men *loſe by It Their proper Lives.*

The Fourth Prose.

Of the miſery of wicked men.

BUt the Vulgar regards not theſe things. What then? ſhall we be like them, whom we have demonſtrated to be no other than a ſort of *Irrational Creatures?* What if any one having wholly loſt his Sight, ſhould forget that he had ever ſeen any thing, and conceit that there was nothing wanting to him of Humane Perfection, ſhould we therefore

fore judge thoſe that retein their Sight to be Blind likewiſe? For the Vulgar refuſe their Aſſent to this alſo, which depends upon as firm, and ſolid grounds, as any thing we have formerly demonſtrated, *viz.* "*That* "*thoſe Perſons are more Miſerable that Do an* "*Injury, than thoſe that Suffer it.* I would fain hear, ſaid I, what grounds thou canſt ſhew for this. Doſt thou deny, quoth ſhe, that every Wicked man is worthy of Puniſhment? No ſurely. But it appears by many Reaſons that they are Miſerable, who are Wicked. 'Tis true, ſaid I. Whoſoever then are worthy of *Puniſhment*, thou doubteſt not but they are Miſerable. It cannot be deny'd, quoth I. If therefore thou didſt ſit, as a Judge, on whom wouldſt thou conceive that *Puniſhment* ſhould be inflicted, on him, who has Done, or on him who has Suffer'd an Injury? I doubt not, ſaid I, but that I ſhould ſatisfie the Perſon Injur'd by the Griefe of him, that hath done the Injury. The *Injurious* therefore would ſeem to be more Miſerable, than he, who hath receiv'd the Injury. It followes indeed, ſaid I. By this Reaſon therefore and others

of

of the like Importance, *viz.* that Vice and Impurity does by it's own Nature make men Miſerable, it is moſt evident that he who offers an Injury, not he, who receives it, doth thereby become Miſerable. But now, quoth ſhe, our *Advocates* Act quite contrary to this. For they endeavour to move the Pity, or Commiſeration of the Judges towards thoſe, who have Suffer'd ſome Great Injury, whereas indeed they ſhould be rather Pityed, who have contracted the Guilt of being ſo Injurious: whom their Accuſers ſhould not be mov'd to bring before the Judge by Wrath, and Indignation, but by a Generous Pity, and Deſire of their Welfare, as *Sick folk* are brought to the *Phyſitian*, that by the Infliction of External *Puniſhment* they may be Cur'd of their Inward Diſtempers. And thus the Employment of thoſe that Plead for Offenders would either totally ceaſe, or if it ſhould be continued for the Good of Mankind, it would be turn'd into the Form of an *Accuſation*. The Wicked themſelves if they could have but a Glimpſe of Virtue, which they have Forſaken, and could perceive

ceive that they ſhould be in ſome capacity of cleanſing themſelves from the Filth of their Vices by receiving their due *Puniſhment*, their Pains being recompenc'd with the obteining of True Goodneſs, and Piety, they would not eſteem them to be the Object of their Horror, and Averſation, and they would refuſe the Aſſiſtance of thoſe men, that make *Apologies* for ſuch who Deſerve *Puniſhment*, and yeild themſeles to be Diſpos'd of according to the Pleaſure of their Accuſers, and of the Judges. Whence it comes to paſs that among Wiſe men there is no Place left for *Hatred*. For who but an egregious Foole will Hate Good men? And it is alſo againſt all Reaſon to *Hate* Wicked men. For if a *Vitious*, and Depraved Temper be the *Sickneſs* of the Soule; ſith we judge thoſe that are Sick in Body in no wiſe to deſerve our *Hatred*, but rather our *Pity*, much rather are they not to be *Hated*, but *Pityed*, whoſe Minds are oppreſt with Vice, and Impurity, a more Cruel Diſtemper than any that can afflict the Body.

The Fourth Verse.

No man is to be hated, the good are to be loved, and the evil to be pityed.

WHy do you, Mortals, labour so (Hands?
To Get your Deaths with your own
Although you would, you cannot go
From Fate: *It's Course no Power withstands.*
Those, whom the Wild Beasts would Annoy,
And Tear both with their Teeth, and Clawes,
Each other would with Swords Destroy.
Is't that they Differ in their Lawes,
And Manners that they so Pursue
Each other? This we can't Approve.
If thou wilt yeild to All their Due:
The Wicked Pity, Good men Love.

The

The Fifth Prose.

Boetius complaineth, that prosperity and adversity are common both to good and badd.

Then said I. I see what Felicity is implyed in the Nature of Good, and what Misery in the Nature of Evil Actions. But in this Outward Estate about which the Generality of men are so much concern'd, it seemeth to me that there is somewhat of *Good*, and somewhat of *Evill*. For no Wise man would choose rather to be *Banisht*, *Poore*, *Disgrac'd*, than to remain Safe in his own Country, Rich, Honor'd, Powerful. For by such means Wisedome Acts her Part with greater *Renown*, and with more Advantage to the World, the Happiness of those that are in Authority being in a manner transfus'd into the People that are under them: especially sith Prisons, Lawes, and all Legall Penalties, are Ordain'd for those, that are Injurious. Therefore I am Astonisht to see things thus turned upside down, Good men lying under such Punish-

ments, as are due to the Wicked, the Rewards of Virtue being ſnatcht away by thoſe that have immerſt themſelves in the deepeſt Vices. But I ſhould leſs wonder if I did believe All things to be huddled in Confuſion by Chance, or Caſualty. Now it encreaſeth my Aſtoniſhment that GOD is the Governor of All things: ſith He often diſtributes Eaſe, and Contentment to Good men, and Trouble, and Vexation to Wicked men; and on the contrary much Hardſhip, and Affliction to Good men, and the greateſt Proſperity to the Wicked, unleſs there may be a Reaſon given for theſe things, how doth his Government differ any whit from Chance, or meer Caſualtie? 'Tis no wonder, ſaid ſhe, if any thing ſeem to be Diſorder'd, and Confus'd, the Order thereof being not diſcover'd. But although thou doſt not underſtand the Cauſe of this Management of the *Univerſe*, yet ſith it is Govern'd By *Almighty* GOODNESS, thou mayſt not doubt but that All things are *Done for the Beſt.*

The

The Fifth Verse.

Admiration ceaseth, when the causes of things are known.

WHo knowes not how Stars neer the Poles do slide,
And how Bootes his slow waine does guide,
Why he sets late, and does so early rise,
May wonder at the courses of the skies.
If the full Moon bereaved is of light
Infested with a darkness like to night,
An errour straight through Vulgar minds doth pass,
To ease her labou'ring light they beat on Brass:
But no one wonders why the Winds do blow,
Nor why hot Phœbus beams dissolve the snow,
These are well known, the other hidden lye,
And therefore more our hearts they terrifie.
Those strange Events, which Time but seldome brings,
And the vaine people count as Suddain things,
If we our minds from ignorance could free,
No longer would by us admired be.

The Sixth Prose.

Of providence and Fate, and why proſperitie and adverſitie are common both to good and bad.

'Tis right, ſaid I. But ſith it is thy Taske to unfold the hidden Cauſes of things, and to Clear the Obſcureſt Truthes; I pray thee Determine this matter: and becauſe this Strange thing is that, by which I am moſt diſturb'd, and perplext, Diſcourſe therof at large. Then Smiling a little ſhe ſpake thus: This *Inquiry* is the moſt difficult of all, which will hardly be ſatisfyed with any thing that can be ſaid in Anſwear therunto. For the Matter is ſuch that one doubt being Cutt of, many others Grow up like the *Heads of the Snake Hydra:* neither will there be any end of theſe Doubts, and Scruples, unleſs they are Burnt up with the moſt Lively Fire of an *Ardent* Mind. For here Queſtions are wont to be made of the *Simplicity* of Providence, of the *Series* of Fate, of ſudden, and unexpected Accidents, of the

the Divine Knowledge, and Predeſtination, of the Liberty of the Will: And of how great Weight ſuch Queſtions are, Thou thy ſelfe art not unſenſible. But becauſe the Knowing of theſe things is a part of the *Medicine* which thy Diſtemper requires, although I am much ſtreightned with the ſhortneſs of Time, yet I ſhall endeavour to ſay ſomewhat in Anſwear to the Deep Queſtion thou haſt propos'd. But though thou art much taken with the ſweet *Harmony* of our Verſes, thou muſt defer this Pleaſure a little while, 'till I ſhall have made a due, and orderly Contexture of ſuch Reaſons, as tend to the Solution of thy Doubts. Do as thou thinkſt fit, ſaid I. Then as if ſhe paſt to another Subject, thus ſhe Diſcourſt. The Generation of All things, and All the Progreſs of Changeable Natures, and whatſoever has any kind of Motion, receiveth it's Cauſes, Order, Formes from the Stability of the *Divine Mind.* Which remaining Stedfaſt, and Immovable in the Hight of it's own *Simplicity* doth Aſſign a Manifold, and Variable Manner of Proceeding to the Affairs here below. Which Manner of Pro-

ceeding, whilſt it is Beheld in the Purity of the *Divine Intelligence*, is called PROVIDENCE: but when it is refer'd to the things that it Moveth, and Diſpoſeth, the *Antients* gave it the name of FATE. That theſe Two do differ thus from one another, it will eaſily appear, if any man ſhall conſider the Importance of each of them. For *Providence* is that Divine Reaſon ſeated in the SOVERAIGN LORD of the Whole Creation, which Diſpoſeth All things: but *Fate* is that Diſpoſition inhærent in things Movable, by which *Providence* Embraceth them All at once, though they are Divers, though they are Infinite: But Fate puts them into their ſeveral Ranks, according to Motion, Places, Formes, and Times: ſo that the Unfolding of the Order of things in *Time*, being *Simple*, and Undivided in the Proſpect of the Divine Mind, is called *Providence*: but the ſame *Unity*, or *Simplicity*, being as it were Sever'd, and Unfolded in the Succeſſions of Time, is called *Fate*. Though theſe Two are Divers, yet one depends on the other. For the Order of *Fate* proceeds from the Simplicity of

Pro-

Providence. For the *Artificer* perceiving in his Mind the Form, or Faſhion of the thing, he is about to Make, begins to Effect what he has Contriv'd; and what he *Saw* all at once in his Mind, he Works out at Divers Times with his Hands: So GOD by *Providence* Diſpoſeth All things at once firmly, and Unalterably: but by *Fate* theſe ſame things, which He hath Diſpos'd, He Manageth in a *Manifold*, and *Variable* Manner. Whether therefore *Fate* be exercis'd by certain Divine Spirits, Attending upon *Providence*, or by the whole Courſe of Nature, or by the Motions of the Stars &c. Certainly it is manifeſt that *Providence* is the *Immovable*, and *Simple Form* of things to be Done: but that *Fate* is the *Movable* Connexion, and *Temporal* Order of thoſe things, which *Divine Simplicity* hath Ordain'd. Whence it comes to paſs, that All things, which are under *Fate*, are ſubject alſo to *Providence*; which *Fate* it ſelfe is ſubject unto. But ſome that are under *Providence* are beyond the Compaſs of *Fate*. Such are thoſe things, which being Fixt, and Immovable by their Neerneſs to the FIRST

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DIVINITY Tranſcend the Order of *Fatal Alterations.* For as of *Orbs*, or *Circles* which turn themſelves about the ſame *Centre*, that which is Inmoſt comes neer to the *Simplicity* of the *Centre*, or *Middle-Point*, and is as it were the *Centre* to the other *Orbs*, about which they are turn'd: but the Outmoſt, by how much the farther it is from the *Centre*, with ſo much the Larger Compaſs it is Wheel'd about; And if any Joyn it ſelfe to that *Middle-point*, it ceaſeth from it's former *Revolution*: In like manner that which goes farther from the FIRST MIND is more Entangled in the Cords of *Fate*; and by ſo much any thing is at *Liberty* from *Fate*, by how much Neerer it Approacheth to that *Centre* of All things. If ſo be that it conſtantly Adhere to the Firmneſs, and Stability of the Supream Mind, ſith it Moves not to, and fro, it keeps above the Neceſſity of Fate. Therefore as *Reaſoning* or Diſcourſe is to the *Intellect*; as that which is Produc'd to that which hath *Being of it ſelfe*; Time to Æternity; a Circle to the Centre: ſo is the Movable *Series* of Fate to the Stable Simplicity

of

of *Providence*. This *Series* of Fate Moveth Heaven, and the Stars, Ordereth, and Diſpoſeth the *Elements* in their *Commixtures* and *Tranſmutations*. The ſame reneweth things that *ſpring up*, and *dye away*, by the wonted Courſes of Seed, and that which it Bringeth forth. This * Binds together the Actions, and Fortunes of men with an Indiſſoluble Connexion of Cauſes: which, ſith they proceed from thoſe Immovable Cauſes, muſt needs be themſelves alſo Immovable. For ſo are things Govern'd in the *Beſt Manner*, that can be, if Simplicity remaining in the *Divine Mind*, gives out a Neceſſary, and Unalterable Order of Cauſes; but this Order by it's own *Incommutability* keeps all things *Mutable* within their ſeveral Ranks, and Conditions, which otherwiſe would run into Confuſion. Whence it comes to

* "*His meaning is not this, that men are* Fatally, *and* Irreſiſtibly "*inclin'd to their* Actions, *but that thoſe* Fortunes, *or* Outward "Events *that befall them* (*as we uſe to ſpeake*) *are* Inevitably *Aſ-* "*ſign'd to them by the* Divine Providence, *In the wayes of* Juſtice, "*and* Mercy *Anſwerable to the* Moral Goodneſs, *or* Pravity *of* "*their ſeveral Actions*; Τὸ μὲν Ἑλόμενα ἐπ' αὐτῶν (Ψυχὴν) "κεῖσθαι. Τὰ δὲ Ἐπισυμβαίνοντα ταῖς Αἱρέσεσι, τὴν τῆς Προνοίας Κρίσιν ὠφείλειν, πρὸς Ἀξίαν ἀμειβομένην τὰς Ψυχὰς Διαθέσεως. Hierocles de Providentia, & Fato.

paſs,

paſs, that although to you, who come ſhort of the right Apprehenſion of Order, All things may ſeem to be turned upſide down, never the leſs this *Manner of Proceeding* Aſſigned to them by *Providence* Directs them to the *True Good.* For even *Wicked men* themſelves never propoſe *Evill,* as the End of any of their Actions: who, as hath been ſhown at large, are turn'd out of the way by their own *Wicked Error*, but ORDER Proceeding from the *Centre* of the *Soveraign Good* makes not any man to Decline from It's own ORIGINAL. But, thou wilt ſay, what worſe Confuſion can there be than this, that ſometimes Adverſity, and ſometimes Proſperity ſhould happen to the Righteous, and alſo that the Wicked ſhould ſometimes Attein to that, which they Deſire, and be ſometimes Oppreſt with that which they would Avoid? what then, do men ſhew ſuch perfect Strength of Judgement, and Integrity of Heart in their Lives and Converſation, that thoſe whom they Judge to be Righteous, or to be Wicked muſt needs be ſuch, as they eſteem them to be? But we ſee the Judge-

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ments of men Differ in nothing more than in this: and thoſe who are eſteem'd by ſome to deſerve a Reward, are by others eſteemed worthy of the ſevereſt Puniſhment. But let us grant that any one could clearly Determine who are Righteous, and who are Wicked: what then, would he be able to Diſcern the *Inmoſt Temper*, and *Conſtitution* of Soules, as we uſe to expreſs it, when we ſpeak of Bodies? For to one that underſtands it not, 'tis no leſs wonder; why to ſome Healthy Bodies Sweet things are Agreeable, to others Bitter things: Why ſome Diſeaſes are Cur'd with ſoft, and gentle Medicines, others with thoſe, which are moſt ſharpe, and piercing: But it is no whit ſtrange to the Phyſitian who ſearches into the ſtate, and Condition of *Bodies* both in Health, and in Sickneſs. And what is the Health of Soules but Virtue; or *True Goodneſs?* what is their *Sickneſs*, but *Vice?* But who is there, that can either give that which is *Good* for us, or drive away that which is *Evill*, but GOD, the Governour, and *Phyſitian of Soules?* who looking from the High Tower of his *Providence* Sees what the

the Inward Condition of Every man doth require, and Applies that which He Sees to be Requiſite, and Suitable to his Condition. Hence it is that the *Order of Fate* is ſuch Matter of wonder, and Aſtoniſhment to the World, *viz.* that *Ignorant Men* cannot but be Amus'd at that which is Done by the *Infinitely Wiſe* GOD. For that I may lightly touch at a few things, which Humane Reaſon is ſomewhat capable of being exercis'd about, concerning the *Divine* DEPTH: As for this man whom thou thinkeſt to be moſt Obſervant of Law, and Equity, the contrary is moſt Evident to *Providence* that Knoweth All things. And My *Lucan* ſaith that "*The Cauſe of the Conquerour was Pleaſing to the GODS, but of the Conquer'd to Cato.* Whatſoever then thou mayſt ſee at any time to be Done here upon Earth, there is certainly a Right Order in the Things themſelves; but thine Opinion concerning them is Perverſe, and Confus'd: But ſuppoſe there be any one ſo ſyncerely Virtuous that he is both Acceptable to GOD, and Approv'd of Men: yet, it may be, he wants a Courageous, and undanted

danted Spirit: to whom if any Adverſity ſhould happen, perhaps he will no longer take care to preſerve his Innocency, by which he could not retein his Fortune. Therefore the Wiſedome of the Divine Diſpenſation deals Gently with him, whom Adverſity might incline to Wickedneſs, that he may not be Affiicted, who is not Qualifyed to Endure Affiiction. Another hath Attein'd to the Perfection of All Virtue, an Holy Perſon, Fully *Partaking of the Divine Nature*, the All-wiſe GOD Judges that it would be contrary to the Rules of Juſtice, that this man ſhould be toucht with any Adverſity, ſo that He does not ſuffer ſuch a man to be Affiicted even with any *Bodily* Diſtempers. For as one, more Excellent than I, Sayes Ἀνδρὸς ἱερᾶ σῶμα δυνάμεις οἰκήσουσιν. But many times it comes to paſs that the chiefe Management of things is by *Providence* put into the Hands of *Good men*, that Abounding Wickedneſs may be repreſt. To others the *Supream Wiſedome*, and *Goodneſs* diſtributeth a Medley of Pleaſing, and Bitter things According to the Temper and Diſpoſition of their *Soules*: ſome He Curbs,

and

and Reſtrains leaſt they grow Wanton by long Proſperity: others He makes to ſuffer *Hardſhip*, that by the Uſe, and Exerciſe of *Patience* they may be confirm'd in All Virtue, and ſtrength of Mind. Others are too Fearful of that, which they are Able to Endure: others are too apt to make light of that, which they are not Able to Endure. Theſe men that they may Know themſelves He brings into Adverſity. Some have purchac'd a Venerable Name in this World at the Price of a Glorious Death. Some being Undanted in the greateſt Torments have given to others an Example of this Truth, that Virtue is Invincible in any Calamity whatſoever: which how rightly, and Orderly it comes, and how it tends to the Good of thoſe, whom we ſee to labour under it, may not be doubted. This alſo, that ſometimes Sad things befall the Wicked, ſometimes they have the things that they Wiſh for, doth proceed from the ſame Cauſes. No man wonders at this, that Sad things ſhould befall them, whom every one Judges to deſerve ſo Ill. Whoſe Puniſhments are a Terror to others that they may not be guilty of the

the like Offences, and they conduce to the Amendment of thoſe, upon whom they are Inflicted: But the Proſperity of the Wicked is a clear Demonſtration to thoſe that Delight in Virtue, what they are to Judge of that kind of Happineſs which they ſee to Attend upon the Worſt of men. And here I conceive this alſo to be the Tendency of the Divine Diſpenſation, that ſome men are Naturally ſo Head-ſtrong, and Violent in their wayes, that the want of Mony would excite them to commit the greateſt Wickedneſs: *Providence* by diſtributing Riches to ſuch kind of Perſons applies a Remedy to their Diſtemper. This man obſerving his Conſcience Defil'd with all manner of Impurities, and comparing Himſelfe with His Fortune, is perhaps ſtruck with a Fear leaſt the Loſs of that ſhould be extream Grievous, the Enjoyment whereof is ſo Delightſome unto him: therefore he will betake himſelfe to a New Courſe of Life, and whilſt he Fears that his Fortune ſhall be Taken from him, he makes ſpeed to Depart from his Iniquity. Others are ſuddenly brought to their Deſerved Ruine by the

Proſperity they have Abus'd. Some are permitted to have the Power of Inflicting Puniſhment for the *Exerciſe* of Good men, and the *Vexation* of the Wicked. For as there is no League between the Lovers of Virtue, and the Slaves of Vice; ſo theſe Slaves of Vice can never Agree amongſt themſelves. How ſhould it be otherwiſe? their Conſciences being torn in peeces by the Fury of their vile Affections, they Diſſent from Their own Minds, and often Do thoſe things, which when they have Done, they Determine that they ought not in any Caſe to have Done ſuch things. Whence it is that the *Divine Providence* hath often produc'd this great Miracle, that even Wicked men make other Wicked men to become Virtuous. For whilſt ſome Unrighteous Perſons ſeem to themſelves to ſuffer moſt Unjuſtly by thoſe that are as Bad as themſelves, or Worſe; Burning with Indignation againſt thoſe, who have dealt ſo Injuriouſlly with them, they return to the wayes of Virtue, whilſt they endeavour to render themſelves Unlike to thoſe, againſt whom they have conceiv'd ſuch Hatred. For 'tis only the

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Power of the ALMIGHTY to which *Evils* become *Good*, whilst by the use He makes of them He draweth forth some *Good Effect*. For a certain Order Embraceth All things, so that whatsoever hath swerv'd from that Course, which by Providence was *Primarily* or *Antecedently* Assign'd unto it, it falls still within the Compass of Order, least any Chance, or Temerity should have any thing to do in the Kingdome of Providence, Ἀργαλέον δ' ἐμὶ ταῦτα θεόνως πάντ' ἀγορεύειν. The Wit of Man can never comprehend, nor his Eloquence Express all the Contrivances of the *Divine Worke*. Let it suffice that so much hath been made Known unto thee, that GOD, the Author of All *Natures*, so Ordereth, and Disposeth All things, as to Direct them to the *True Good*: whilst He makes those things, which He hath Produc'd to retein some Resemblance of Himselfe, by the *Series* of Fatal Necessity He Banisheth *All Evill* out of His *Dominions*. Whence it comes to pass that though *Evill* seems to Abound here upon Earth, if thou dost consider how All Events are Order'd, and Dispos'd by *Providence*, thou wilt not

find any thing that deſerves the name of *Evill.* But I ſee thou art over-burthen'd with the Weight of the Queſtion, and wearied with the Prolixity of the Reaſons I have produc'd for the Solution of it, and that thou doſt expect to be Refreſht with the Sweetneſs of Verſe. Take a Draught then to ſtrengthen thine Attention to that Part of my Diſcourſe, which is yet behind.

The SIXTH VERSE.

Philoſophy praiſeth Gods providence.

IF with Pure Thought thou wilt Deſcry
Jehovah's * Power, *and* Equity
Looke up to Heav'n Above.
There Natures League is kept: no Wars
Were ever heard of there: the Stars
Ne're broke the Bonds of Love.
Sols Fiery Chariot keeps it's Courſe,
Nor doth it with ungovern'd Force
Phœbes *Coole Wain* o'rethrow.

* Jura.

The

The Bear *on High doth ne're Desire*
In the Deep Sea to plunge his Fire,
Though other Stars do so.
Vesper *ne're failes to come at Night,*
And Lucifer *still brings Day-Light,*
In which All things Rejoyce.
Thus Love keeps them in their Right Way:
Thus they all Discord drive away,
And all Tumultuous Noise.
This Peace the Elements doth guide:
By This do Contraries *abide*
In their Alternate Force.
Drought yields to Moisture, Cold to Heat,
Fire strives the highest Place to get,
Earth downwards bends it's Course.
And by those Causes doth the Spring
New Leaves, and Flowres most fragrant bring:
Hot Summer *brings Ripe Corn:*
Autumn's *the Time for Apples: then*
Black Winter *brings the Cold again,*
And makes large Showres return.
Both Nourishment *this* Temper *gives,*
And Birth, *to ev'ry thing that Lives*
I'th' Waters, or the Earth:
And 'tis the Same that Takes away
What was Brought forth: All things Decay,

That ever had their Birth.
Whilſt the Creator Sits on High,
And Orders things both in the Skye,
And in this World below,
Almighty Lord, Eternal King,
The LAW, and JUDGE, the Boundleſs Spring,
From whence All Beings flow.
He ſtops thoſe Motions, which He gave:
And ſettles things that fleet, and wave.
For if Right Motions He
Did not to Circlings *turn again,*
Their Being things would not retain,
But Vaniſh *Inſtantly.*
All things Partake of this Great Love,
That they may Reſt in Good, *they Move.*
For nothing could them ſave
From Periſhing, *but Love that drawes*
Them back again to the Firſt Cauſe
Which Being to them gave.

The Seventh Prose.

All fortune is good.

DOst thou not ſee now what is the Conſequence of all that I have ſaid. What, quoth I? That Every Fortune, or Outward Condition [as it comes from GOD] is Good. How is that, ſaid I? obſerve what I ſay, quoth ſhe, ſith Every Condition being either *Pleaſing*, or *Grievous*, comes for the *Rewarding*, or *Exerciſing* of Good men; or elſe for the *Puniſhing*, or *Reforming* of the Wicked; whatſoever it is, it muſt needs be Good, which, 'tis manifeſt, is the Inſtrument either of the *Divine Juſtice*, or *Mercy*. The Reaſon thou giveſt, ſaid I, is moſt true: And if I conſider *Providence*, and *Fate*, which thou didſt ſhew me a little while ſince, this Concluſion is moſt Firm, and Irrefragable. But if thou wilt, let us put it into the number of thoſe Poſitions, which, as thou ſaydſt a little before are contrary to the Common Opinion. How ſo, quoth ſhe? Becauſe quoth I, this

ſpeech is often in the Mouthes of men, that ſome have Ill Fortune. Wilt thou therefore, ſaid ſhe, that we yeild a little to the ſpeeches of the Vulgar, leaſt we ſeem to go too far from the Uſe and Cuſtome of Mankind. As thou thinkeſt fit, ſaid I. Doſt thou not then judge that to be Good, which is *Profitable?* yea ſurely, ſaid I. But that Fortune, which either *Exerciſeth*, or *Correcteth* is *Profitable*. True, ſaid I. Therefore it is Good. Who can deny that? But this belongs to them who being either Eſtabliſht in Virtue make War with Affliction; or being Convinc'd of the Miſery that comes on them by their Vices Break forth into the way of Virtue. I cannot but Acknowledge this, ſaid I. But what, a Pleaſing Condition, which is given as a Reward to Good men, do the Vulgar eſteem it to be *Evill?* In no wiſe: but, as it is, they judge it to be *Exceeding Good*. What of the other Condition, which, ſith it is *Sharpe*, and *Grievous*, is for the Reſtraining of the Wicked by Juſt Puniſhment, do they ſuppoſe it to be *Good?* Nay, quoth ſhe, they judge it to be moſt Miſerable. See then, if

fol-

following even the Opinion of the Vulgar we have not Prov'd ſomewhat very contrary to the Common Opinion? what, ſaid I? For from thoſe things, ſaid ſhe, which have been granted, it muſt of neceſſity be infer'd that to Thoſe who have Attein'd to the Full Poſſeſſion of Virtue, or have made ſome *Progreſs* towards it, or are Really *Inclin'd* therunto, Every *Condition* is *Good*; but to Thoſe, who remain in their Wickedneſs Every *Condition* is *Exceeding Evill.* This is true, ſaid I, though ther's hardly any one, that dares Acknowledge it. Wherefore, ſaid ſhe, A Wiſe man ought not to be Troubled, when he is to Fight with Fortune, as it becomes not a Stout Souldier to be any way diſturb'd when the *Trumpet* ſounds an *Alarm.* For Hardſhip, and Difficulty is to the one an Occaſion of enlarging his Renown, to the other of improving his Wiſedome. And hence it is that *True Goodneſs* in the Hearts of Men is called VIRTUE, becauſe it's *Virtue*, *Power*, and *Efficacy* is ſuch, that it can never be Overcome by any *Adverſity.* For being Plac'd on the Borders of Virtue, you are not come hither

hither to indulge to your vain Deſires, and to loſe your ſtrength in the Enjoyment of Senſual Pleaſures; but here you muſt prepare your ſelves for a Fierce Encounter with Both Fortunes, that you may not be *Caſt down* by Adverſity, nor *Corrupted* by Proſperity. Stick to the *Mean* with all your Force. Whatſoever is beneath it, or goes beyond it, implies a Contempt of True Happineſs, gives you not any Recompence for all your Labours. 'Tis put to your Choice, what kind of Fortune you would rather have. For whatſoever ſeemeth to be *Grievous*, if it do not *Exerciſe*, or *Reform*, it *Puniſheth*.

The

The SEVENTH VERSE.

Philosophy exhorteth to labours.

HArd Labours made (*a*) Alcides *Great:*
He did the Boasting (*b*) Centaurs *Beat,*
He Skin'd the Lion strong, and Feirce
With his own * *Clawes: His Arrowes pierce*
The (*c*) Harpyes: *He those Apples tooke,*
And scorn'd the Furious Dragons *Looke:*
He Chain'd Black (*d*) Cerbe'rus: *and 'tis said*
That He Curs'd (*e*) Diomedes *made*
Food for's own Horses; which he fed
With Men, whose guiltless Bloud he shed.
He made (*f*) Achelous *loath to shew*
His Head: His strong Arm (*g*) Hydra *Slew:*
(*h*) Antæus *on the Sands He cast:*

(a) Hercules. (b) *Halfe men and halfe horses.* * Ἐνθά μοι ἀθανάτων τις ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε νοῆσαι, Αὐτοῖς δέρμα Λέοντος ἀναρίζειν Ὀνύχεσσι. Theocrit. Idyll: 25. (c) *Huge birds in the sen called Stymphalus in Arcadia.* (d) *The Dog Cerberus who had 3. heads.* (e) *Diomedes King of Thracia, who fedd his horses with mans flesh.* (f) *Who had turned himselfe into the forme of a Bull.* (g) *A Serpent with 50. heads, which as fast as one was cut off had two grew up in the place.* (h) *The sone of Neptune, who by touching the earth recovered strength, and therefore Hercules held him up, and so slew him.*

And

And made ſtout (i) Cacus *breath his laſt.*
He Kill'd the Wild Bore: *and at length*
High Atlas *crav'd his Helpfull Strength:*
To bear up Heav'n He labour'd hard,
And Heav'n it ſelfe was His Reward.
Go, Valiant Men, where you are Led
By Great Examples: let no Dread
Or Sloth oppreſs your noble Breſt:
Endure theſe Pains, you'll come to Reſt.
O're th' Earth extend your Victorys,
And Heav'n above ſhall be your Prize.

(i) *Vulcans ſon, who did caſt out of his mouth fire and ſmoke.*

FINIS.

ΗΣΥΧΙΑ.

THer's no Diſturbance in the Heav'ns Above,
And Heav'nly Soules Do nothing elſe, but Love:
No Anger, no Remorſe, no Diſcontent
Can ſeize a Soule, that's Truly Innocent,
And Aims at nought, but that ſhe may Combine
With All ſhe finds, Like to Herſelfe, Divine:
And, Seeing things in ſuch Confuſion hurl'd,
Does not Contend with, but Deſpiſe the World.

DIVINE SOLITUDE.

1.

BLeſt Solitude! In Thee I found
The only Way to Cure the Wound
Of My Perplexed Heart.
Here I Eſcap'd the Worlds loud Noiſe
That Drowns Our Bleſſed SAVIOURS Voice
And makes Him to Depart.

2.

Whilſt thus Retir'd I do Attend
To th' Words of My Eternal *FRIEND,*

How

How My Heart Leaps for Joy!
Love, *and* Rejoyce, *ſayes He, but Know*
Ther's no ſuch thing, as Joy Below,
The Pleaſures There Deſtroy.

3.

If Thou wilt Creatures Love, Be Sure
Thou Keep Thy Heart In Me Secure:
Know that I'm ALL IN ALL.
Then Whatſoe're thoſe Creatures prove,
Thou never ſhalt Repent Thy Love,
Thy Hopes ſhall never Fall.

4.

Thou ſhalt ſtill have Thy Hearts Deſire;
And Sit down by th' ÆTHEREAL FIRE;
When e're Thy Heart growes Cold.
" *But when I ſee a Friends Deep Griefe,*
" *I'm Griev'd, methinks, Beyond Relief;*
" *This Griefe no words unfold.*

5.

If Thy Griev'd Friend will Love, ſayes He,

In

In Darke Affliction He ſhall See
The Neereſt Way to Bliſs.
But If He Mind the Worlds fond Toyes,
And take the Sport of Apes *for* Joyes,
He's not Thine, Thou 'rt not His.

6.

And thus we Talk, My LORD, *and I:*
So do I Live Above the Skye
Though Here I Move, and Breath.
And when this Vapor's *gone, I ſhall*
Enjoy to th' Full My ALL IN ALL,
Not Dye, but Conquer Death.

HALLELUIA.